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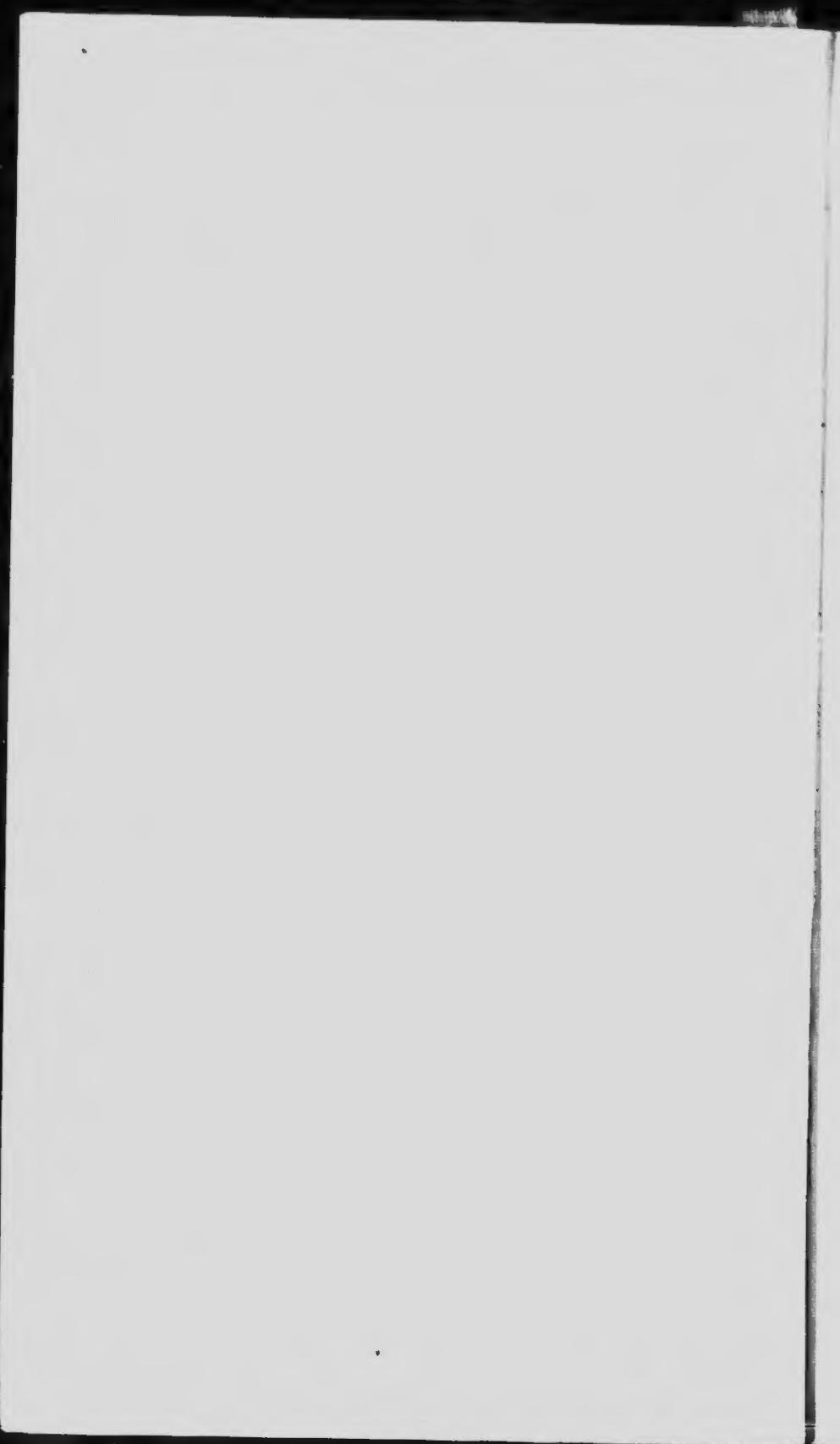


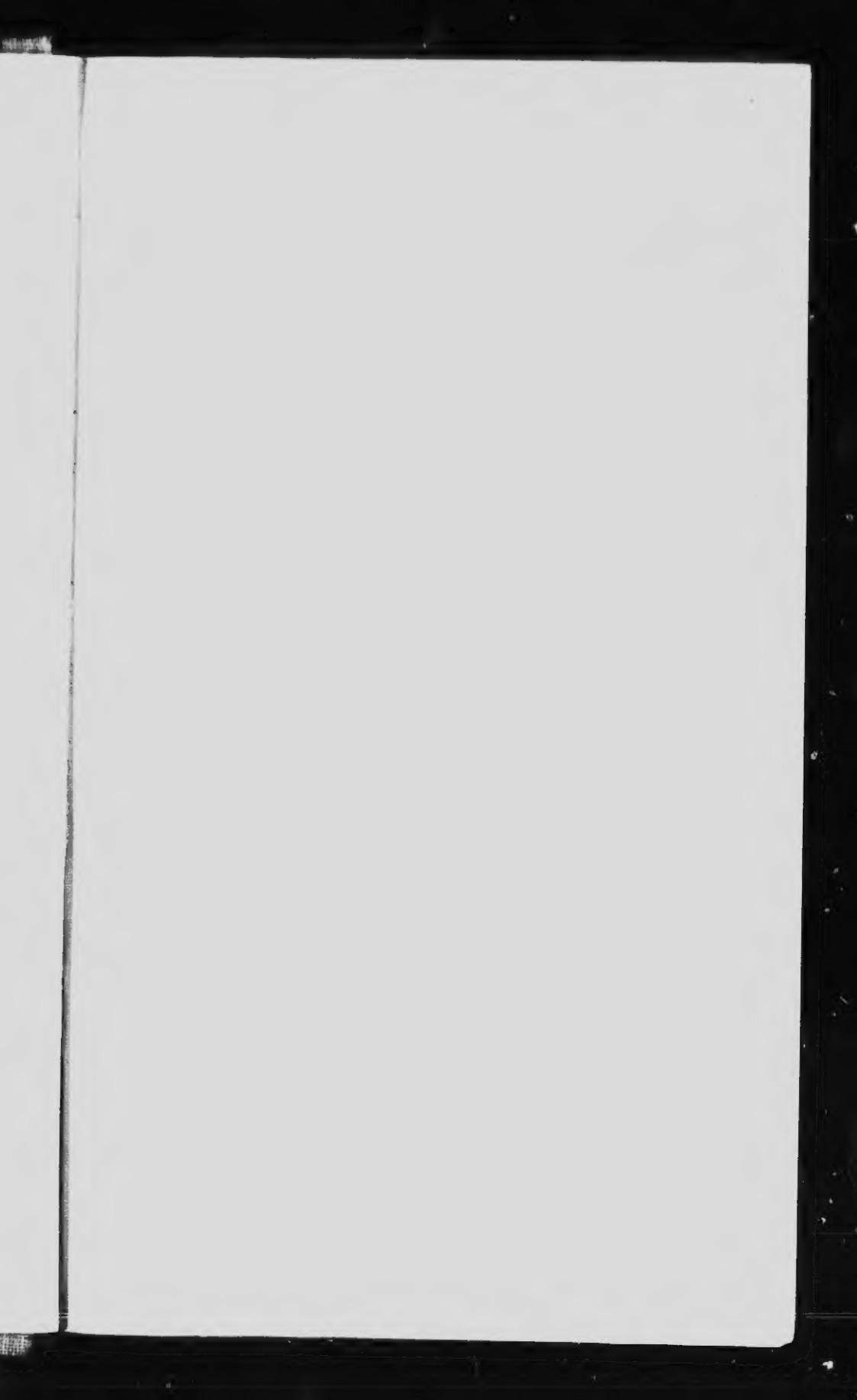
Yours Truly
**CHIMMIE
FADDEN**

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"AND I OBLIGED WIT DE OLD FAVORITE,
"ON DE BANKS OF DE BRONKS."

“SURE”

NEW “CH’MMIE FADDEN” STORIES

BY

Edward W. Townsend

Author of

“Chimmie Fadden,” “Days Like These,”
“Lees and Leaven,” “Fort Birkett,” et



Toronto

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“SURE”

CHAPTER I

THE AUTO ACTOR

HELLO, Boss! Long time I don't see you. Well, we has only just came back from our wedding joiney to forn parts, and I has been busy rubbering little old New York.

No, not Duchess and my wedding joiney. Miss Fannie's and Mr. Paul's. Sure! Wasn't I telling you dat just as soon as Mr. Burton—what was Miss Fannie's foist husband—had soived two years in heaven, dat Mr. Paul made a running jump at de proposition, and married Miss Fannie before she could get her guard up! It was de foist time in

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his life dat Mr. Paul ever got a hurry on; and I puts it up dat Miss Fannie was afraid dat if she didn't sign articles and get into de ring wit him, he'd die of compressed commotion. What's dat? Emotion! Well, let it lay at dat. She took him, so Duchess says, to keep him out of mischief; but Wily Widdy isn't married, and dere is no specks in her glad eye.

Well, on de foist day we has off, after we had come back to little old New York, Duchess and me was strolling up Fift Avenoo to give de lads on de boxes of de carriages and de ladies' maids on de front seats a peek at us in our swell forn close, and Duchess says to me, "Cheems," she says, "if dere was a few tousand more attarmobiles and a little more smell of napta here, dis would be near as good as Paris."

"On your way, woman!" I says. 'Fift Avenoo can loose de Chansey Lazy in a walk, and never know it was in a race.

THE AUTO ACTOR

Look at de goils!" I says. "De goils alone can win out for dis country over any forn neck of woods dat lies out of doors."

Duchess only gives me de shoulder raise, like she was saying dat forn goils was good enough for me, seeing as how I married one. So I says, "You was a pretty good American when I married you, and no gaiety goes wit dat gas."

Duchess says, "Of a soitainty. I was pretty and I was good," and den she looked a tousand miles over me head, de way she does when she tinks she has sawed off a horse on me.

De trouble wit French goils is, dat dey has de long-distance glad eyes. Honest, when a French goil in Paris gives you de jolly peeper she has a look dat is furder off dan Sandy Hook—and anyting furder off is too far from de Bowery. When I was to Paris some of de goils Duchess gives me a knock down to passed me out a glad eye—so Duchess says when

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she made a rough house about it—but I taut dey was flagging a mug in de next county, and I never got wise in time to retoin de compliment.

But dat isn't what I was going to tell you about. As me and Duchess waltzed up de Avenoo I says to her dat dere is no use trying to beat dis little old Island of Manhattan as long as it was on top of de eart. Duchess said dat de trouble was dat New York wouldn't long be on top of de eart, wit all de rabbit transit tunnels getting ready to bury de people underground.

Listen, I'll put you wise on tunnels: I rode in one in London. Dey is to de bad! De air in de tunnels is like when you light a cigarette, and only de sulphur is boining on de match. Dat's right. It'll do for Londoners, what never has no good air down deir troats, but New Yorkers won't stand for it. Dey'd radder stand up. But if you listen to some folks dere isn't many New Yorkers left, and dey is



THE AUTO ACTOR

chasing deirselves under de "No children" rule.

I wonder dat President Teddy didn't knock New York flats when he was swinging his hammer about dere not be-ing enough gold-spoon kiddies growing up to make mugwump voters in de sweet Summer time dat's to come! It isn't be-cause a mug has been to school to Harvard dat he doesn't raise kiddies. It's because de flats has put de dead line on kids.

"Light, airy dog kennels on de roof, wit all de comforts of home for poodles. Children not allowed," is de way de swell flat passes out de law dese days. Dat's what's putting de cradle makers out of business. I taut it was because de kiddies distoibed de janitors' afternoon naps, but Duchess tips me straight dat's it's because kiddies pulls de ears of poodles, dat de kiddies is kept in Heaven, instead of in Harlem.

I hears Whiskers and Mr. Paul talk-

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ing about it de odder day, and, say, honest, I says to meself dere's so few of us left we ought to come high.

"To be sure," Whiskers was saying, "dere is few New Yorkers left, but what bodders me is what New Yorkers do."

"Mostly dey does de rest of de country," says Mr. Paul.

"Not even dat," Whiskers says, "if I understand you. For instance, most of our big banks is run by men who came here from de provinces."

Dat's dude langwudge for long grass.

"Besides de banks," Whiskers goes on, "our hotels, insurance companies, politics and odder money-making institutions is run by forners from over de sea, or beyond de Bronx. What do New Yorkers do, I asks you?"

"Well," says Mr. Paul, "I see dat you will be answered. Some New Yorkers go to Sout Dakota, and some to Newport; but de main push goes to de races, if dey is sporty, or to New Jersey, if dey is do-

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mestic. We is mostly too strong to woik, so farmers from de tall timber comes in and rakes off de pot, kitty, and percentage. Derefore, de city is going to de dogs as fast as it can find kennels to hold itself. Strangers in New York is de only ones dat gets any good out of de city. Al. dat most New Yorkers gets out of de city is deir trunks."

"What is society coming to?" says Whiskers, like he was scared for fear he'd get lost.

"Well, sir," says Mr. Paul, "since I has retoined to town I has seen so many teeaters going up, dat if you wants me real opinion I'll tell you what society is coming to: we is all coming, or going to de teeaters eider as players or payers."

"I'd radder see a play dan be one," says Whiskers.

"Well," says Mr. Paul, "we must all do one or de odder. Dere will soon be so many teeaters dat we all must be in de

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game, until Mr. Edison perfects his auto-actor. It's to be run by machinery, and warranted to make no holler, even if de ghost don't walk and all de press notices is roasts. Den will come a happy time. De critics will all be graduates of schools of engineering. 'De part of Hamlet,' de press notice will say, 'was excellently rendered by one of de new pattern, two and a half horsepower, drop forged, leading men constructed on lines invented by Mr. Mansfield. By a novel contrivance (for which de inventor has patents) its exhaust is made to resemble de sound of entusiastic applause. De power is directly geared to its legs, and, when a friction clutch is trun on dis character can be used for buck and fancy-step dances between de acts. De Ghost was played by a high-powered, alcohol-heated, copper-tubed utility man, which slipped its eccentric pin in de battlement scene, and, being hastily repaired, de wrong stop was pulled out, and it finished

THE AUTO ACTOR

de scene wit de lines of Rip Van Winkle. De Foist Grave Digger was geared a little too high for de requirements of de part, and trun Yorrick's skull into de gallery, causing a rough-house intermezzo. Furder rehoisals will no doubt smood de action in dis respect. Ophelia was played by a low-pressure, nappa, non-explosive design invented by May Irwin. We were not afforded opportunity to see dis model at its best, for in de middle of de touching mad scene an unfortunate accident to her repertoire attachment started her to singing "All Coons Look Alike to Me!" Dis was de result of engaging for de part a chilled-steel, gold-plated soubrette dat played in a Casino production last week. Furder notice is resoived, but we must urge managers to see dat de song woiks of lady-autos formerly employed in comic opera is trun out of gear when cast for de legitimate."

"Dat's a great scheme," says Whisk-

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era. "Is any of de stock on de market? If it is, I'll get in on de ground floor."

"No," says Mr. Paul, "it was over-subscribed by de Teeatrical Syndicate. But I hope for de best," says he. "If Mr. Edison can manufacture de auto-actors fast enough we may be saved from being drafted into de drama. If de woist comes to de woist, and every New Yorker is needed to act out on top of de stage for de entertainment of de strangers wit-in our gate money, den I know what line of parts I will play."

"A straight line, I hope," says Whiskers.

"De soivants dat fetches on de bottles of wine," says Mr. Paul. "I notice dat very little of de wine is drunk on de stage, and I has often taut what a good ting de soivant has when he takes de bot-tle off."

Listen, if ever Mr. Paul should toss a lip over a glass of stage fizz he'd have de



"WHERE EVERY MAN HAS A WATCH AND NO WOMAN
CARES WHAT TIME IT IS."



THE AUTO ACTOR

struggle of his life to remember dat he was a Christian.

Say, honest, wit all of Manhattan covered wit hotels and teeaters dere will be no more need for bridges to Brooklyn dan dere is for public clocks in de Tenderloin—where every man has a watch and no woman cares what time it is. Dat's right.

CHAPTER II

ON TO BOSTON

SOMEBODY was telling Mr. Paul dat de bicycle dat goes by kerseen oil is de real ting in de way of motor going. He got one. I'd as lief he hadn't, for I'd have more skin to de square inch of Chimmie, if he hadn't; but I wouldn't got a lovely tip, and dat's woit some skin.

Foist, let me ask you: What's de matter wit walking, or driving, or riding—or stopping to home? Everybody dese days has gone clean dotty on how to get somewhere else dan dey is, and getting dere some odder way dan is good for deir heals. If I had no more use to woik for a living dan Mr. Paul and Whiskers, I'd make up me mind where I'd be satisfied to be, and den I'd go dere by canal boat

ON TO BOSTON

and stop dere. But nay, nay! Everybody no sooner gets somewhere, dan dey wants to get somewhere else; and at dat dey ain't satisfied to go by a way dat leaves e^r a fair chance of getting dere in de same pieces dey started; dey wants de odds to be dat dey'll get dere in job lots deir own modders wouldn't know.

Dat's no joke. One Johnnie in Paris has de centre of de stage and all de lime-light he can stand because he can go from one part of de city to another in a balloon—sometimes! What's de matter wit de streets? Den a sinetific gazaboo in Washington, where de President makes laws for de lawyers, is out for a record wit a flying machine dat Uncle Sam himself is putting up de price for. What's de matter wit em all? Why dis hustle to get off de eart? Isn't de woild big enough as it's laid out? If dey feels sporty, and wants to run a risk of deir necks every time dey gets a move on,

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don't two trains try to pass on de same track often enough to suit?

Well, anyway, Mr. Paul he gets de croise, and lands one of dose bikes dat has all kinds of devil machines under de saddle.

"Chames," he says to me, "come out to de ottermobile shed and we'll have a look at me new motor bike," he says.

Say, de way I didn't want to see dat ting would make a play. I could go around it wit me eyes shut, and be as happy as if I'd seen a pretty goil.

But I never renigs on Mr. Paul; he's a sporty lad, himelf, and so what he says goes wit me.

Did you ever get close to one of dose machines? No? Don't! A plain everyday mobile is a hay wagon alongside of a motor bike. Dey has pipes and fuses and tanks and stopcocks and startcocks and sparks and regulators and coils and oil and 'lectricity and benzine, and I don't what t'ell. And you straddles dat

ON TO BOSTON

layout! It would be hard luck to have it in the same county wit you—but straddle it!

Mr. Paul has a French shuffer, what shuff's his mobes, and de shuffer he fetches de motor bike out of de shed, and he gives it a look like he'd sawed off a rattlesnake on us, and he chases back into de shed and gets to woik on his back under a mobe, and lets on dat he was too busy to know what we wanted. But Mr. Paul digs him out, and asks him had he examined de bike, and what did he tink of it. Shuffer humps his shoulders and says dat he'd diplomas and licenses to run mobes in French and English, but dat when it comes to run a two-wheeled freak he'd pass de job up to Mr. Paul. So we starts worrying à insides of de poor ting, and Mr. Paul said dat he remembered all de man said who'd sold it to him, and we'd give it a trial. It wasn't built for two, and I was tinking what he meant by "We."

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“It’s like dis,” he says. “Dis feed pipe is introduced to de injector, and de cut-off is coiled on de ’ciprocating oscillator, when de fuse is detached for pedal power, and den all you has to do is to trun de friction clutch in action wit de left foot, while de right controls de sleeve of de water jacket; den wit one hand force dis lever two notches on de ratchet, and wit de odder hand steady de injector to keep de explosion gauge from back-ing up to de tank, for den de only dan-ger of a back draught will be mini-mized.”

“Is dat all?” I says.

“Dat is all while running on a level; but for hill climbing and coasting and stopping and starting and going slow or fast dere is a few stunts dat is performed by dis battery of levers and cocks and screws and cut-offs and faucets, which you reach by raising in de saddle, and controlling de handle bar wit your knees.”

ON TO BOSTON

"Is is woit while boddering wit," I says. "Isn't it too easy, sir?" I says.

"De easy part is for de rider—de man told me dat—but de instructor who stands on de ground and gives simple orders in one-syllable woids, he has a hard task, indeed," says Mr. Paul.

"Let's get shuffer to ride, and I'll give orders," I says; for shuffer tries gaily-gaily wit Duchess, and I was willing for him to have a nice easy job like dat.

"No," Mr. Paul says, tautful, "dis is a American machine, and it takes a American to ride it. Don't you want to try, Chames? Of course, if you is afraid, I'll ask one of de gardeners to ride it."

Of course when de game was put up to me in dat way I had to draw cards and look cheerful—as cheerful as I could. Nearly all de hands on de place was rubbering around, to see what would happen; and Maggie de housemaid, she whispers to me did I want her to take any

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message to de Duchess before I mounted. De coachman's kid asks me would dey wake me on de premises or on de Bowery, 'cause he'd never seen a wake, and wanted to know. Housekeeper told me dat her uncle was a bone setter and would do a job for any friend of hers at half price, and butler says to me, on de sly, dat a cousin of his had lived tree days wit a broken neck, and had his pictures in all de papes; but was never well enough before he died to see de papes, what was a great sorrow to his family.

When shuffer found out that he wasn't to be asked to ride it, he got friendly and helped Mr. Paul to hold de ting up straight while I got on, and Mr. Paul did tings to its inside.

Just den Duchess comes out to see what was de coicus, and she says dat it was foolish for to start me on de grounds; dat de way to do was to take de machine out on de old Post Road in front of de place and head it for Bos-

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ton, for I'd always been croisy to see Boston.

"On you way, woman!" I says. "Do you 'spose dat I could see Boston if I got dere on dis dinky ting?"

But Mr. Paul says dat it was a good idea, and we trundled de ting out to de road, and I was put up in de saddle again. Den Mr. Paul asks me did I remember all dat he'd told me about it.

I say, "Sure," I says. "Let her go," says I, for I was sore on Duchess for tipping off de road. I wanted to start on de lawn, where I'd had a chance to run down to de beach and drown de machine.

Mr. Paul he joiked someting; shuffer pumps someti..g else, I twisted all de screws and levers I could get me hands on, puts me feet on de peddle, dey gives it a shove, and I was off. For a while it was only like riding a plain bike, except dat you sits on a beer keg, or feel like you do, but pretty soon tings began to

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get gay, and dere was sputters and sparks and smoke and smells and choo-choos and gurgles and gasps and jolts, and I was wondering when I'd go up in de air.

"Great woik, Chames!" yells Mr. Paul, who was running alongside. "Remember de interlocking friction cut-off, when de interjector counterbalance engages wit de"—

I didn't hear no more. Someting interlocked for fair, and all of a sudden I left Mr. Paul like he was going backwards, and de machine and me strikes a gait for Boston dat puts Winton into de post hole. It wasn't so woise. All I had to do was to keep her in de middle of de road and pray dat nobody else would want de same place. I trun my feet up on de coaster holts, but one of me feet struck someting dat did tings to de engine, anc we starts off on a new gait dat made de foist one seem like strolling in a meadow. I seen someting ahead, and



"AND I WAS OFF."



ON TO BOSTON

woiked de foghorn signal for all de noise dere was in it, and what I seen toined into de ditch, and when I passed it I saw dat it was a bicycle club out on a run. As I passed dey sets up a holler dat I was deir pacemaker, and for me to slow down till dey could get under way. Slow down! If I'd known what to pull, to slow down, I'd pulled it a mile from its socket, so I just waves me hands for em to follow—I wanted somebody along to pick up de pieces—and, away I goes!

I kept de road clear for a time wit de foghorn, and nearly everyting I passed toined and chases after me until I was followed by most of de bikes, mobes and fast horses of Westchester County, and I began to feel some chesty.

Dose dat wasn't travelling in anyting dat could keep me in sight gives me good advice on de fly. "Muffle your exhaust," "Uncouple your compounder," "Hook up your compensator," dey would yell at me; and, trying to please, I give some-

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ting a kick at every good woid of advice, and de machine would buck and waltz and do grapevine twists, but never let up on de gait dat I knew would fetch me to Boston in time for me dinner or me funeral.

On de level, dere is a kind of fun in dat sort of going. I spose dat's because you haven't time to guess what de harvest will be. Anyway, I began to tink dat I'd have de ha-ha on shuffer when I got home, but just den I sees ahead of me, and coming my way, a victoria wit its hind top up, and I knowed it for Whisker's.

I just had time to remember dat a new coachman had took Whiskers out dat morning, and dat he looked like a farmer, and would likely tink I'd be minutes getting to him, when I'd be seconds, for a fact. I woiked de horn wit one hand and steered as far to de right as I could wit de odder hand, but p'chee he was turning to his left. He was a Britisher, see? and

ON TO BOSTON

toined to de left ce wey day do at home. I tries to give a quick toin to de left, and more tings happened in a second dan you could put in a book. De machine skided, I kicked a lever dat stopped and revoised, and de stop was so suddent dat I went on me way wit a coive in de air dat landed me glancing on de victoria top, and from dere I shot off like a golf ball dat hits a rock on de fly, and landed on top of a load of hay, in de field, and got a pitchfork of it over me dat de farmer was trunning up when I started.

I must have bumped me coco on a frame of de carriage top, for I was down and out till I hears some one say, "Why, here he is!" and dey chucks de hay off me, and dere was half de folks in de county rubbering.

"God bless my soul; it's Chames!" I hears Whiskers say, and I says, "Yes, sir; was you wanting anyting, sir?"

Well, dey treats me like I was a kiddie; lifts me down, and monkeys over me to

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see was I broke, and all dat dey could find was a lump on me coco as big as your fist. Wily Widdy was in de carriage wit Whiskers, and she gives me someting to sniff dat made me sneeze, so a man in a mobe pulls out a flask and he says, "Here, young man, sniff dat."

I sniffs about tree fingers of it, and it puts me to de good, for fair. Den I looks for de machine, and it had hit one of dose stone walls dey raises in our county; and de biggest piece we found was de rubber bulb of de horn.

"Leave it dere," says Whiskers, "and get up on the box wit driver, and come home," he says.

I couldn't square Mr. Paul wit Duchess. She said dat de only way he could make her believe dat he didn't put up a job to make her a widdy, was to tip me well. "What do you call well?" I asks, when she was putting plasters on me back, and Duchess says dat notting

ON TO BOSTON

less dan two dollars would put Mr. Paul
to de good in her opinion.

When I'd been plastered up and
rubbed down I goes about me business,
and I meets Mr. Paul in de hall, and he
asks me into de library.

"I'm glad you wasn't hoit much,
Chames," he says.

"Tanks," I says. "Barring a bump
on me conk, and being a trifle shy of skin
on me back, I'm as good as ever."

"Mr. Van Courtlandt"—meaning
Whiskers—"tells me dat it was de new
coachman's fault, toining to de left,"
Mr. Paul says.

"Dat was lucky for me," I says. "If
someting hadn't stopped me I couldn't
stopped meself, and would have landed in
Boston; and I didn't have me Boston
guide book in me pocket. No harm," I
says.

"I spose Hortense feels much hoit?"

"Woise dan me," I says, rubbing me
conk.

"SURE"

"I'm sorry it happened, Chames," says he. "Perhaps dis will make you feel better," and he passes me out a fiver.

Dat was two and a half to one better dan Duchess had figured on; and I was laying out a plan how to hold out de balance on her, but it was no use. She was laying for me when I left Mr. Paul, and she says, "How much, Chames?"

"Two bones," I says. "Two cases."

"It was more," she says. "If it was only two you'd say it was one. Hand over, Cheems. It is a good ting dat you have a careful wife to keep your money, for you might get extravagant and buy a house and lot on Fift Avenoo. Pungle, Cheems," she says, using good English so's I would understand.

What's de use! I can get trun a mile tru de air, and have de luck to land on a load of hay; but when it comes to holding out on Duchess, why, dat's magic, and I ain't up in de part. But de new coachman and me had a lovely time

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dat evening, and if his wife didn't use more sticking plaster on him dan Duch-ess used on me, his wife didn't do her duty.

But I done mine, and dat coachy will toin to de right, all right, after dis, all right, sure.

CHAPTER III

THE TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

I WONDER what's all dis rough house about ditching Broadway? I has known dat lane since I sold papes in Park Row, and it never wasn't a walk tru a orchard, or a stroll on de beach by moonlight. Dat's what makes it Broadway.

If New Yorkers ever struck little old B'y when it wasn't torn up or down, or being sewer'd, or gassed, or water lined, or rooted for wires, or paved or repaved, or retracked, or ditched, dey would run from it like dey was chased by plain close men, and had de goods on em.

Isn't dere plenty of places in New York where de houses is up and de streets is down? Sure. But what do you see dere?—a small bunch of big waisted

TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

gazaboos out for a walk, and a cat or two, wit a few noisery maids looking for de cop dat never came.

I says dat to Mr. Paul, and he says to me, "Chames," he says, "you is more dan right, you is all right. Avaunt de day," he says, using forn woids now and den, to keep me guessing, "when our principal avenoo of commerce, trade, bargain counters, foist nights, lobsters and cocktails shall be navigable witout de aid of a guide, a Pinkerton man, a rope ladder, and a package of foist aid to de injured! Broadway as it is, is what makes it a delight. Odderwise, why not go home by anodder route? When children can play puss-in-de-corner, and bean-bag in Broadway, witout overcrowding de morgue, de day of its glory is down and out."

But I was going to tell you: Duchess says to me, "I'd radder go to Paris dan heaven."

"Same odds against bote places," says

"SURE"

I. "To-morrow's our day off; so let's beat bote places, and go to de Bowery, and see Little Duke."

Remember Little Duke? He's our kid. Dat we'd go to see him was a cinch, of course, for we always goes down to me modder's home on our days off to see de kid. Mrs. Murphy is wit me modder, now—remember Murphy? Dey does laundry woik for Miss Fannie, and some odder swells dat Miss Fannie touted for em, and makes all sorts of swell money. Dere's a silk-haired goil dat Miss Fannie knows, dat teaches in a Mission school, who teaches de kid, too; and say, he's dat rich wit his langwudge dat I can't hold him. He talks like a little edition of Mr. Paul, and when Duchess says dat he'll be a President, or Alderman, it don't sound so much like a pipe talk as you'd tink.

Me modder and Duchess is great pals, but dey don't hitch when it comes to what Little Duke will be.

TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

"Me dear," says modder to me on de quiet, when Ducless was putting Kiddie over de jumps of his French grammar, "Me dear, you has a wife dat's a jewl witout a price mark; but stop dat woman from making a forner of de little one; he'll have no more chancee to run dis ward dan de gent wit tallow legs has of standing well with Satan. Even his English is like Mr. Paul's already, and I never let de neighbors hear him talk for fear of de shame dey'd put on me for being de grandmodder of a dude."

"It's de trute your modder is saying, Chimmie," says Murphy. "You could come back to de ould war-rd and be a precinct captain yerself, but yer own son couldn't get a pushcart license in de war-rd wit all his jude langwudge he do be learning. Lave de lad go to Par-rk Row and sell papes for a year, and he'll be as good a American as anny of us. Remember how woiser dan a toothless child it is to cherish a snake in de bosom

"SURE"

of de family, as Saint Patrick says, rest his sowl!"

Dat was a pretty strong argument, for fair, and I says to Duchess we'd better be letting de kid get a little loining, instead of boddering his conk wit all de foolish tings she and de swell Mission teacher was putting into him.

"Dat's some of your advice, Modder Fadden," says Duchess, toining to de old loidy.

"I'll not deny it," me modder says. "It's de advice Mrs. Murphy and me would give to you, too, me dear. You're as good a daughter as I ever hoped to have, and none would took better care of Chimmie's savings dan me daughter Hortense Fadden," she says. "But, Hortense, me dearie, I'll tell you about de Little Duke as I see de trute: Dere's plenty of bread in de woild, as de saying is, but not enough white bread to go around, and never was since before and after Robert Emmet was hanged, which

TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

Chimmie's great-grandfadder carried a pike in de blessed year of '98. Dere's dem as tink dat bacon and potatoes and a drop in de bottle comes by wishing, Hortense, me dear; but dere's some as goes to bed to forget hunger. So, why not let Little Duke go to de Row and learn to sell papes, and make sure dat he'll know how to earn a living, no matter if all your savings are took by Providence."

"You are a wise mamma," says Duchess, "but Providence don't count when it comes to getting away de savings dat a French-born goil has put by. Providence can do many smart tings, but"—and she shrugged her shoulders like she was giving Providence de laugh.

"It's not a grandmodder's place to interfere wit her daughter-in-law's child," says me modder, "even when her own son is de fadder of de same, but, Hortense, it would ease me heart if you'd let Little Duke leari. some needful ting besides all

"SURE"

dis brownstone frills he's getting out of
de schoolbooks."

"But le petit is too young to sell pa-
pers," says Duchess, easy like, not want-
ing to rough de old loidy.

"Chimmie started two years younger,"
says modder.

"Could we watch him try?" Duchess
says to me. I says sure, dough I was
tinking what t'ell would de odder kids do
to a newsy poisonally conducted by his
fadder and modder.

So we dresses de kid up for woik—
and he was Sunday-best alongside de odd-
ers, at dat—and I goes to an old pal of
mine who buys wholesale at de press
rooms, and outfits Kiddie wit evening one,
two and tree-centers. He was tickled
to deat, and when he gets his bun-
dle under his arms he lets out a "Wrex-
try! Wrextry!" like a tenor foghorn.
He makes for de middle of City Hall
Park, wit Duchess and me chasing along
after him, and in a minute he sold a
center.

TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

"How much does he make?" says Duchess, getting excited.

"Four-tents of a cent," I says.

"Mon Dieu!" she says, "it is more noise dan money!"

Kiddie done pretty well for a time, but den anudder kid walks up to him wit his chin out, and says:

"Say, kid, where did you get de swell rags?" and wit dat he pokes our kid in de eye.

Duchess lets out a yell dat woke up de cop on de City Hall steps, and starts for de fight. I holds her back, for I'd teached Little Duke some tings dat isn't

ks and I wanted to see if he re-
little Duke slugs wild in de
re, but all of a sudden he re-
members, and he puts his elbow in de
odder kid's neck, his foot behind de od-
der's heels, and dere was no more fight.
When de odder kid struck de asphalt he
yells murder, de copper mixes in, our boy
skips, de cop switches de boy dat was

"SURE"

down, and Duchess was near to a faint.

Kiddie wasn't boddered after dat, and him being a blue ribbon for looks, he sold to Brooklyn women so fast I had to stock him two or tree times in a hour. Once he sold a tree-center and was told to keep de change out of a nickel.

"Say, dad," he says to me, "dis is too easy. It's like taking candy from a child. It's like getting money from home."

When Duchess hears him she couldn't talk for a minute; only let out little gasps dat I knows is a sign she is boiling, and would explode in a minute.

"What's happened you, woman?" I says, to help her along.

"Did you hear him?" she says, showing only de whites of her eyes.

"Sure, he's no dummy, and I'm not deaf."

"He has lost his th!"

"His what?" I asks, looking to see had



"' SAY, KID, WHERE DID YE GIT THE SWELL RAGS?"'



TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

Little Duke lost his dicer, or his money.
"His th!"

I taut she had a fit, but just as I was going to take her over to de fountain, and irun some water on her, I cops de game. For two years Duchess had jollied and prayed and begged de teacher to learn Kiddie to say th. She can't say it no more dan I can, but de way she don't say it is a different way from de way I don't. Anyway, de two of us toggeder was a bum team when it come to loining de kid to get a strangle holt on th and join em togedder, and Duchess was so proud dat de youngster had loined de trick dat she used to make up long speeches for him to speak, all filled wit woids where he'd have to say th in one sound, and listen to him like it was a band playing Hiawater. But, p'chee, in two hours de cub had unloined de whole bunch of tricks, and was talking as straight Manhattan as me. I looks to see Duchess die wit rage.

“SURE”

“Take de papers away from our son,
Cheems, and fetch him home! I wonder
will he ever be cured!”

So I helps Little Duke to count up,
sells his leftovers to one of his new frens
at half price, and found dat he was toity-
two cents to de good.

Women is queer all around. De kid
had done good woik; loined how to take
care of himself, and to make change;
made money, and had a good time; but
all dat was notting to Duchess. He'd
lost his dude langwudge, and a diamond
ring wouldn't been no set-off against dat.
She likes money as well as de next French
goil; I tink she's a bit stuck on me; I
know dat she swears by Miss Fannie; but
all de boodle and folks in de woild—in-
cluding yours truly—isn't in de proposi-
tion a little bit alongside of de way
Duchess wants to see dat kid a swell for
fair.

Duchess wouldn't hear to de kid going
back to de old loidy's, but fetches him

TRAINING OF LITTLE DUKE

along wit us up to de place on de Sound; for Miss Fannie lets us have de little one up dere when we wants, and he eats wit us in de housekeeper's room. Duchess had a long pow-wow wit Miss Fannie about de g'ime dat night, and Miss Fannie was as interested as if it was her own kid dat had lost her th. Den Mr. Paul was took into de caucus, and den I was sent for; and before we was settled dere was more guff and gas about de proposition dan if de kid had lost his head instead of his th. Miss Fannie votes dat de youngster should be sent to a swell little school dat is kept for de kids of de smart set folks while de divoice judges is making up deir minds wedder de modders or de fadders is de best one to have de kids.

So we is to be let to keep Little Duke wit us until de school opens, and den Mr. Paul is to enter him, and see dat he has a fair crack at his th. But what's worrying me is what will be doing when some

"SURE"

silk-haired youngster gives little Master Fadden any back talk. I only hope it will be out on de grass, and not on a marble floor, for dese silk-haired boys has tin skulls.

CHAPTER IV

PLAY BALL

WELL, we had de time of his life get-
ting Little Duke off for school. When
it comes time for Duchess to give de kid
a few parting woids I said notting, but
just held me peace and listened.

"Mon mignon," she says, "I give you
tree dozen pocket handkerchiefs, and I
only asks dat wedder you has your les-
sons or not," she says; "wedder you
makes frens or enemies; wedder you is
good or bad in odder ways; wedder you
loses or keeps your spending money;
wedder you sometimes forgets, or always
remembers your th's; wedder it is clear
or cloudy; Sunday or week day; if you
is well or ill; I asks but one ting, and dat
is dat you never is witout a clean, fresh
hanky in your pockets; for, mon enfant,

"SURE"

heaven would not, and your modder could not, forgive you if you was found dead or wounded witout a clean, fresh hanky in your pocket."

"Sure, mamma," says de kid, who sometimes talks straight English like his daddy; "sure, I'll sink a clean wipe in me jeans every day."

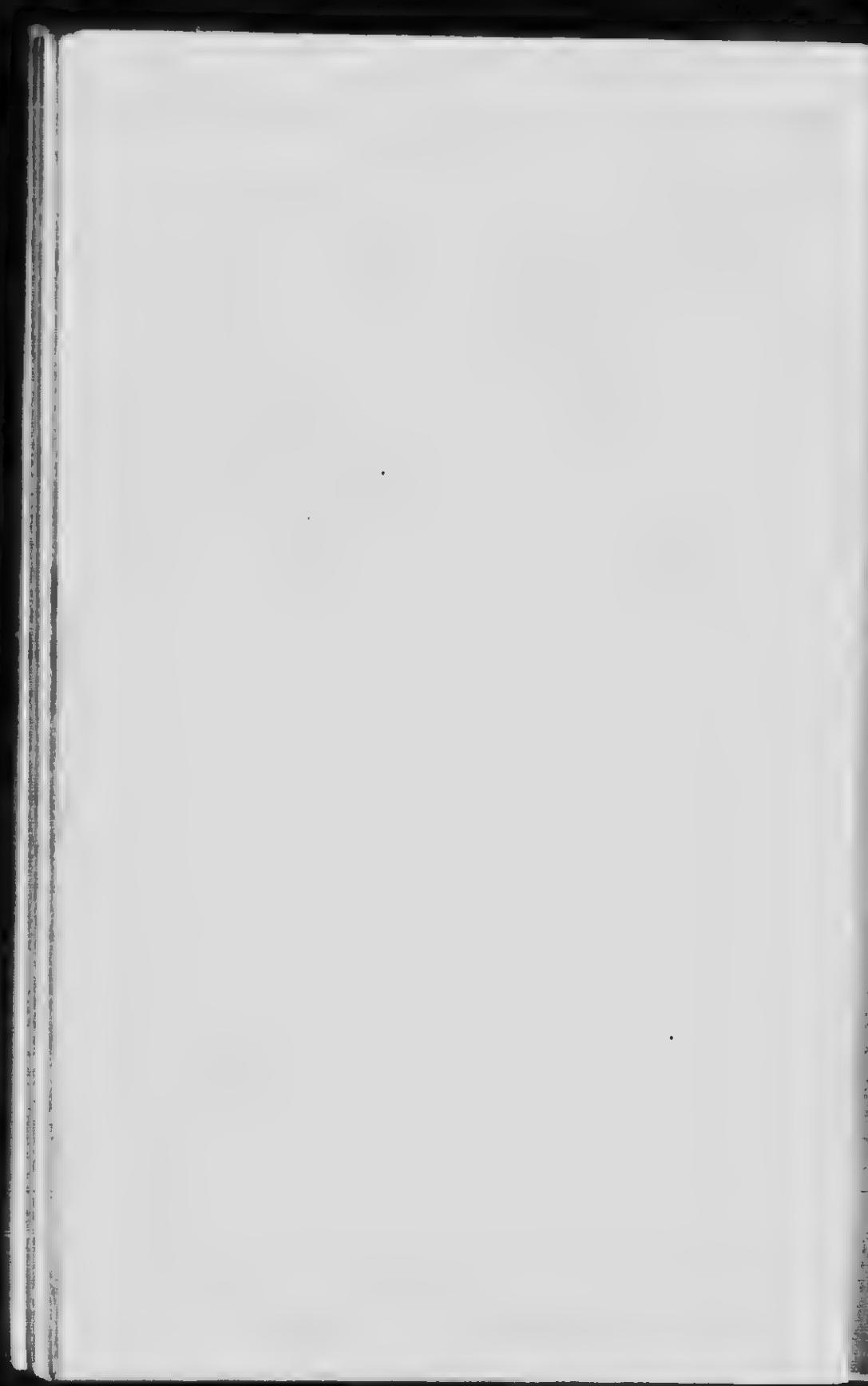
"Dat is right, cheri," says Duchess. "Dere is many signs of being a gentleman, but all signs fail on a man who has not a fresh, clean hanky on him. Odderwise a man may be in rags, and stained wit travel and covered wit—wit—covered wit"—

"Wit hayseed," says I, willing to oblige, but Duchess gives me de troubled eye, and goes on: "He may be covered wit de soil of innocent games and play. But when it comes to his hanky—well, remember de woids of your modder!"

Duchess always packs two kinds of wipes herself: one for show and one for blow. Now she takes out de one for show



"SURE, MAMA, I'LL SINK A CLEAN WIPE IN MF JEANS EVERY DAY."



PLAY BALL

and dabs her eyes, like she was overcome wit commotion, so I know dat she had passed de deal to me.

"Kiddie," says I, "what your ma says to you is on de dead level, and if I ever hears of you wit a wife dat isn't up to de standard I'll show you a new use for a hitching strap besides to hitch."

"Yes, daddy," says Kiddie, who was sitting up and paying all kinds of attention now.

"I has only a few woids of advice for to saw off on you meself, and dey is woids about de end of de game dat I didn't go to no pay academy to loin about. In de foist place, me little man, don't go looking for trouble. It's a funny ting about trouble: dough de woild seems to be filled wit it, still dere isn't so much dat it is found witout looking for it, mostly. You'll hear wise bazoonuses pass it along dat dere is so much trouble in de woild you'll get more dan you can take care of witout looking for it.

"SURE"

"Dat's de talk of a quitter. To be sure, a mug gets some trouble in dis woild witout looking for it ; but what I'm telling you is, dat dere's a lot of trouble dat is like a sleeping dog—it won't boder you unless you poke it wit a stick to see what it's like. Just don't look for it, and dere is a heap of it dat you won't see.

"Cop me right, son : I'm not saying dere's no trouble for dose dat don't look for it ; nor dat you must dodge de trouble dat comes your way.

"If you find yourself up against it, witout looking for it, just tell yourself dat a little of it is a good ting to keep you in mind dat you are not made all for show, but part for blow. Any old kind of trouble in dis woild dat your daddy ever met is like a toot dat has to be pulled; de way to stop trouble dat you can't duck, is to get just as busy wit it as you know how—under de rules of de game.

"Don't dodge too much. Of course if

PLAY BALL

you meet a trouble dat don't look so much like yours as some odder fellow's, sidestep, and give it a chance to pass. Dere's no harm in being polite even to trouble—especial if it looks like anodder mug's.

"All de samee, son, if you are tending to your own business, and a trouble comes your way, and won't take a hint when you sidestep, but butts in like it was saying, 'Oh, me bold buck, I'm your honey boy, and you can't escape me,' when a trouble talks to you in langwudge like dat, den hit quick, straight, and as hard as you know how. Don't save your best blow for your second or toid—be honest and pass out de best you has in your shop on de foist invitation.

"I has found dat a trouble dat gets dat kind of treatment mostly don't care to play in your backyard, but takes its trade somewhere else.

"You has heard de wise say, 'I has troubles of me own.' Well, me son, dat is de only kind you are dated wit—your

“SURE”

own. A mug dat don't meddle wit any trouble but his own has more time to play ball dan some folks allow is coming to any but de wicked."

Little Duke didn't say anyting to me den, but when Duchess was out of de way Kiddie says to me, "Daddy, please show me de back and front mug, again."

Before a "mug" meant a man, it meant de kind of strangle holt dat foot-pads give from behind, or de elbow in de neck, from in front. I puts Kiddie tru de tricks until he was red in de face, and den he says, "Is dat a good kind of way to meet a trouble dat you can't side-step?"

If I don't have to go bail for him breaking a collar bone, I'll be a happy, happy pa!

I was on me knees, wit Kiddie's right forearm under me chin, loining him de back mug, when Mr. Paul strolls along, and pipes us off, and says, "Is dat one of de studies Little Duke has to pass in?"

PLAY BALL

"No, sir," I says. "Dese is called life preservers on de Bowery."

"It looks to an outsider like a life destroyer. When you have got de youngster perfect in it, I'd like to give him a few woids of advice about his conduct in school."

So de tree of u- sits down on de lawn, and Mr. Paul says, as solemn as de judge in de Tombs, he says:

"De reason dat so many young gentlemen do not succeed in our seats of loining, is dat dey is not put next to de proposition until deir minds has been loaded wit tings out of books."

Little Duke looks up like he seen tings coming his way; for he has never yet broke his legs running after book loining, and Mr. Paul, seeing dat he had a audience, goes on:

"De school you is going to is meant to make a boy a man; for only a man is took into colleges dat plays ball. Dat brings us," he says, comfortable, and

"SURE"

lighting a cigar, "to de main point of our discourse. If you're on de lookout for fame, and wishes to be known from de Battery to de Bronx, as a man to be admired, engrave dese woids upon your mind: 'PLAY BALL!'

"Act upon me advice in your prep. school, and den your course in college will be easy. Refrain from woik, and go in strong for play. Do not be led astray by boys what hear lectures, and dig tings out of books. Dey gets notting dat will do em any woildly good, and, besides, dey cooks deir college standing by such weakness.

"Play ball! Base ball, foot ball, hand ball, golf balls, cricket—all kinds except high and low ball, which is what we calls a post-graduate course.

"In de merry, merry springtime do not toin to tauts of love, but go out upon de diamond wit de Nine. Dere you will see dat de young gent dat gets de most praise and attention is de one dat

PLAY BALL

shows he has put in his Easter vacation practising new coives dat will puzzle de crack batter.

"Later roam over de fair greens, and see if you can approach a hundred yards, and putt ten—if you can, fame is smiling upon you and getting ready to alight."

"He's no farmer!" Kiddie whispers to me, his eyes popping out of his head.

"Next de tennis nets will be set. Take your racket, and if you can fake a stroke dat looks like you was going to send de ball into de next county, yet make it land wit a gentle puff just de odder side of de net, give tanks to de Goddess of Fame, for she is making goo-goo eyes at you."

"Gee!" says de kid, "I didn't tink it was so much fun."

"Den later," says Mr. Paul, "go down to de water where stalwart crews are get-ting very wet, and ask de coach for to be tried out, if you haven't already been

"SURE"

picked for an oar in de tank. De coach will revile you wit beautiful langwudge; de oars a-bow, and a-stern of you will mutter tings dat no mamma's darling ought to hear; you'll wonder if de next stroke will pull out your arms, or your eyes, and if only de seat of your trunks, or a inch or two of flesh has been cut into dat time your slide didn't woik; but never mind— Play Ball!"

"Sure, Mr. Paul," says Kiddie. "It's great!"

Mr. Paul winked at me, and says, "Later in de season woik upon de gridironed field, where heroes wit flying locks are loining how to die for deir college, and to be glad of it.

"Of course, you'll meet in college grave professors, who will make a bluff of wanting you to have more dan a vague inkling of de time and habitat of *dinosaurus*, but dey too—de professors, not de *dinosaurus*—has once felt de tr'll of bucking a stonewall center, and will

PLAY BALL

not be grieved dat you misses all your lectures, and is never prepared."

Are you on to dat dinosaurus? Miss Fannie showed it to me in a book. It's a kind of big lobster dat lived out West before de Brooklyn Bridge was built.

"Play ball! my young gentleman," goes on Mr. Paul, "and you will be prepared for any seat of loining dat has anybody woit knowing to sit in it. When de muscles is easily trained, dat is de time for to get in line wit dose tings dat will reflect honor and glory on your almer-moter. Play Ball!"

Mr. Paul told me to go wit him when he took Kiddie to de school. We rides up from de station, de little one's trunk on de seat wit de driver, and a box of candy in his hands, what Miss Fannie had give him, and he was de proudest ting dat ever butted into dat school, if de look into his eyes meant anyting.

At de school I hears Mr. Paul say to de head gazaboo, "dis is de lad I was

"SURE"

writing you about, James Napoleon Emmet Fadden, de son of a fren of mine."

When we was on de cars going home, I taut awhile, and den I says, "You done me fair, for fair, all right, Mr. Paul."

"You?"

"You said Kiddie was a son of a fren of yours."

"Well," says Mr. Paul, "de woid didn't hoit me, if it didn't hoit you. You has soived me, and perhaps sometimes I has soived you; and on dat lay we is as good as each odder. I've never known you to do an ungentlemanly ting, so I stand for de woid—fren."

I didn't say notting more, cause dere didn't seem to be notting more to say; but when I gets home, and tells Duchess she gets out her belt and produces a fiver. "Cheems," she says, "we will go into town to-morrow, and we will dine for all de dinner dere is in dis bill. I'm almost as proud of you as I am of your son!"

CHAPTER V

THE STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

SAY, de whole woild has gone straight dotty on muscle. It was always so down where I hung out as a kid, but de fine-haired end of de woild has got it bad only since de time I began to pipe it off—since I got me job in Miss Fannie's house. When I foist come here all women, and most men, would go tru a Summer without baking deir skins brown while trying to get long on muscle and short on fat. I foist taut it was only a bluff, and dat society mugs would get cold feet before dey got muscle bound; but nay, nay; dey sticks to de game like it was ready money. You can tell wedder dey is in earnest about it when a man like Mr. Paul will cut off his shot of small bots

"SURE"

in a evening before I has me hand well into de game of pulling de plugs.

"Shall I fetch anudder bottle, sir?" I says to him, wanting to know wedder I could make a sneak, and butt in wit de odder soivants what was down on de beach taking a salt bat by moonlight.

"No more to-night, Chames," he says, after counting over on his fingers how many he has had. "No more to-night. I finds dat I goes off in me tennis if I do not deny meself. Take away de empty bottles; dey reminds me of me toist."

"No sugar in me coffee," I hears Miss Fannie say after dinner. "Sugar runs me above me best riding weight, and I've promised to ride over to de polo game to-morrow. Will you ride wit us, papa, or drive?" she says.

"I'll drive, me dear," Whiskers says, "but not in a trap. I'll drive at golf," he says. "Chames, I'll want you to go to de links wit me early in de morning to recover balls, while I practise driving. It's

STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

stonishing," he says to Mr. Paul, "dat I drives better when Chames is wit me dan when I has one of de caddies."

I wonder! De caddies isn't onto de graft. When Whiskers drives, I hangs out on de fair green, about eighty yards from de tee, wit a club in me fist, de way caddies does, and when his ball comes along, looking tired and ready to stop, I gives it a swat, careless like, and sends it on its way about fifty yards furder. Whiskers never sees, cause he can't wear glasses when he golfs, and he's so tickled wit his good woik dat he tips me liberal—and near goes croisy dat he can't make dose wonder drives when I'm not here to help a good ting along.

Well, having got me folks comfortable for de evening, I chases down to de bad-ing beach, where de odder hands is having water sports in de light of de moon, and I joins in.

Duchess is dere, but she is shy on salt

"SURE"

water. "Take a running jump and come in," I says to her. "De water isn't feard of you; but I wonder de moon doesn't go under a cloud when it sees you in dose togs. What are you made up for, anyway?" I says to her.

"Don't be impudent, Master Cheems," she says. "I'm made up for style, and dat has notting to do wit salt water. It would never hang right again if I got dis skoit wet."

"I'm glad you give it a name," I says. "If dat's a skoit you ought to give it someting to make it grow. What is dose tings you have on your feet?" says I, trying to grab her ankles to drag her into de water, and p'chee! dat goil had on high heel shoes!

But even Duchess has de croise. When de folks is all away from de house she plays croquet wit Maggie, de house-maid; for she says it makes her belt line smaller to bend over and swat de ball. But croquet is no more exoicise dan

STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

reading de baseball news is playing ball.

Even Kiddie, Little Miss Fannie, has to be brought up in de fashion. Every morning de youngster is fetched to de noissery in pajamas for exoicising close, and I teaches her to swing clubs. Duchess piped me giving Kiddie her morning lesson for a few days, and she says she would take a hand in de game herself. She did. De next time I give Duchess a lesson in club swinging I'll hire de wide, wide woild for de gymnasium, and move out de stars and moons, and tings like dat, so dat Duchess will have room to woik in. She broke everything in dat noissery, not barring her head and mine. Duchess told Kiddie not to tell dat she had been playing rough house, and to sweeten de Kiddie, Duchess got some marmalade for her. "Tank you, Hortense"—dat's Duchess—"tank you, Hortense," says Kiddie, "but I must not eat sweets in de morning, because dey

"SURE"

distroys me waist line," and de little one went on her way wit her figure all right —like a little keg!

And Wily Widdy! Say, honest, you wonder when she gets de time to take de exoicise she must take to keep her figure as fit as it is. If dere's anyting—but polo—in de line of exoicise sports dat Widdy doesn't play I never heard de name of it. Duchess says dat de minute Widdy lands Whiskers she'll give up all her exoicise, and grow so fat her trusso —how's dat? Troussseau? Tanks.—Her troussseau won't do her a bit of good. It'll do Duchess a lot of good; for what Widdy can't, or don't, wear, Duchess rakes off like a mice. But French goils can keep deir figures witout training, and dat's why women's styles comes from Paris, Duchess says.

Widdy plays golf wit Whiskers. I know her game, and I know dat she can give him a stroke a hole and make him

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look like he was playing checkers; but, p'chee! he always beats her.

"Tell me why dat is?" I says to Duchess. "A man wouldn't play off his game like dat to be made President at Washington."

"President, bah!" says Duchess. "What is de President alongside Cupid?"

"Oh, he isn't so woise," I says.

"When a woman like Madam Hard-ing"—dat's Widdy—"has made up her mind dat it will be of de social and woild-ly advantage for to make a marriage wit a man like Whiskaire, it is de kind of a resolve dat woiks magic," Duchess says.

"But what has letting him beat her at golf got to do wit de layout?" I says.

"Truly, mon ami, one would tink dat you have not de advantage of a clever wife—you ask questions so stupid."

"Cut de gammon," I says, "and get to de evidence."

"Whiskaire is of de common--what you say?—is de man average."

"SURE"

"I wish his income was, too," says I.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine such men out of a tousand marry de woman who is de cleverest at flattering deir conceit. If dat woman is also of a styishment—voila! c'est fait!"

"All over but de rice trowing, eh? And Whiskers doesn't know dat her chains are on him?"

"Even a stupid woman makes a man tink dat her chain is his ornament," says Duchess.

But I was going to tell you about our trip on de picnic of de Roseleaf Outing, Social and Life Saving Club. Me fren de barkeep is de president of de Roseleafers, and he being Maggie de housemaid's steady, she went along wit me and Duchess. De Roseleafers is a good lot of boys and goils, but deir notion of gaily-gaily always takes in a scrap, and Duchess, being French, doesn't know how much good it does a man to have a scrap once in a while, to keep him in mind

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dat he isn't de whole woiks, and dat dere is no real fun in dis life dat hasn't to be hustled for. Me frens down Bowery way hasn't got no woise tempers dan odder folks, but dey is more trutful about what dey likes and doesn't like, and so, when dey feels like a scrap—as all good men must once in a while—why, dey has one, dat's all.

Well, say, Duchess and Maggie was dreams! Duchess was ragged out in some close Miss Fannie passed on to her, and Maggie was ragged out in some Duchess had passed on to her; and dey looked so much like de real ting dat me fren de barkeep blew us off for a carriage to drive down to de boat dat was to take us up de river. Dat was de beginning of de trouble—as, like as not, me fren knowed it would be.

He had a trouble of his own; he has been Maggie's steady a long time, but she wouldn't give up her place at our house and marry him. She wants him to

"SURE"

shave off his fedders and take a place as butler wit Mr. Paul.

"I can't stand for it," says me fren to me, as we gassed de game togedder. "I own me own drum now"—drum? Why a drum is a place, a saloon. I taut you spoke de English langwudge. "I've paid for me own drum, and am making more long green in a week dan me wages as butler would be in a mont. Maggie has forgot de Bowery, along wit being trun in wit dose forn soivants, and she tinks dat keeping a drum isn't high-toned."

Well, as I was saying, we drove down to de pier, and de gang give us de gaff for fair, when dey pipes us in de carriage.

"Here's de Honorable Chimmie Fadden," says dey. "What's de matter wit coming down by street car? Or by hand? Make way for de silk-haired ladies and gents!"

We jollied back, but notting doing at foist, because if you gets in a scrap too

STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

close to de pier, some cop may see, and ring for de resoives, and come out in a patrol boat, and spoil de fun before it's half over. So we jollied de game along, quiet like, and pretended not to hear de tings dat was said what mean fight. Dat was hard, too, for what wit all de exoicise I has, teaching sports to visitors at our place, I was feeling dat I could give a good story to any one of me weight dat would listen . . . me.

Duchess started it. She'd danced wit me, and wit me fren, and was toisty, so she says to a goil dat she sees wit a mug of beer, "Me good woman," she says, "give me dat glass of beer, and run and get yourself anodder."

De goil near drops de glass, she was so paralyzed wit de cheek of Duchess, den she let out a holler for hei ~~brother~~, who comes on de run. When he hears de story he gets his gang, and dey comes over to where I was, and he says, "Have you got a gang, Chimmie?"

"SURE"

"Sure, Mike," I says, for I always keep next to me old gang; and I calls em togedder, and I says, "What's doing?"

"Your dago wife has insulted me loidy fren," he says. "What are you doing?"

"Make a ring," I says.

He ha~~t~~ no right to mix in wit me alone, for ne was overweight, and soft, at dat, and I put him out of business, easy. But dat was only de start, for de gangs lined up, and when de man who was out had been dragged away we gets busy. Dere's one advantage in starting your scrap early in de day, for den everybody is sober, and notting but a fist is used; and when it is over dere is a chance for a hand-shake, and a gaily-gaily, like dere had been no discussion at all. It was beautiful while it lasted. Duchess, being forn, fainted at de foist sight of blood, but Maggie, being New York, stood behind our gang, and gives us good tips to rush where de odder gang was

STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

getting shy. Our side won, bote on points and results; but none of us was as pretty as when de boat started. When we shook hands, and me fren, who was floor manager, tole de orchestra to play, and called, "All waltz!" Maggie goes up to him, and she says, "Johnny," she says, "you done beautiful. I'll name de day whenever you like."

Den dey waltzed.

I looks up Duchess, and p'chee! I found de goil who started de row taking care of her. "Chimmie," says de goil, "it was a lovely scrap, and your gang won, all right, but if I'd remembered dat your wife was a dago, and not onto our ways, I'd not been insulted by her asking for me to give up me stein. Now she's coming 'round. Go and wash your face before she sees you."

Dat night when we gets home, and Duchess was patching up me peeper, she says, soft-like, "Cheems, are you much hoit?"

"SURE"

"Not hoit at all, me dear," I says, giving her a kiss. "But you should seen de felly dat I mixed wit foist. Why did you ask?"

"Because, Cheems, I started dat row on poipose."

"What t'ell!" I says. "I didn't tink you had de noive. What did you do it for?"

"Because Maggie is a good goil, but she wouldn't make up her mind to marry your fren de barkeep."

"Did you tink he needed a mouse under his eye to make Maggie see what a good looker he is?" I says, trying to get next to her woman argument.

"No," she says. "But all women need some reason for why dey will marry a man. Widdy has her reason, and a good reason for her. Maggie, being de same kind of a woman, in anodder wat, needed de same kind of a reason, in another way. Madam Harding see Whiskare successful, in de only way dat she understand

STRANGENESS OF WOMEN

success, and she will marry him. Maggie seen her steady successful in de way she understood—and she will marry him. Comprenez vous? Woman is all alike—wit a difference."

CHAPTER VI

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

"I'm tinking of writing a play," says Mr. Paul de odder evening while I was fixing de log fire in de library where dey sits nights when dey hasn't to go nowhere, and can stop to home.

But, foist, listen: Since Miss Fannie has married Mr. Paul it takes a crowbar and a argument for to get him started out of de house after dinner. Duchess says dere is no romance about de married life of Mr. Paul and Miss Fannie, because dey just seems to be stuck on each other's company, and don't have to have in de neighbors to see how comfey dey is getting along.

It's a funny ting about women—dat you never hear em talking about husbands what is de kind of husbands dey

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

wants for demselves. Dat's de difference between husbands and bonnets—every woman would like her bonnet talked about, but none of em wants deir hubby de talk of de town. Even de women dat changes husbands near as often as dey changes bonnets, dey wants de husbands dey has to be a good boy; dough it's dollars to doughnuts dat de reason dey picks out a new husband was dat he rough-housed his own fireside and so made a hit wit de divorce-and-remarry star.

But, as I was saying, Mr. Paul he looks up like he'd just had a dream dat was true, and he says, "Me dear," he says, "I'm tinking of writing a play."

"What will it be about?" asks Miss Fannie, "crime or crinoline?"

"Dat's de very point," Mr. Paul says, pushing his glass to de edge of de table so as I'd know it wasn't out of commission. "I has it all settled but de subject."

"Perhaps it don't need none," Miss

"SURE"

Fannie says. "Some dat we has gone to dis season had no subject vis'ble to de naked eye."

"But dey was wrote for gold, not fame," says Mr. Paul. "So long as I has you, a loaf of bread, a flask of wine, singing by de side of me in de wilderness, I am to de good," he says, "two up and one to go, wit de clubhouse in sight, and all me new balls in de caddie's pockets, and all his old balls in me club bag."

"Paul!" says Miss Fannie. "What in ever are you talking about?"

"Heaven." he says. "Now, I'll tell you about me play. De di'logue will be sparkling, witty and epigastic"—

How's dat? Epigrammatic? Dat's de woid. I didn't have quite a strangle holt on it. Some of Mr. Paul's woids, like dat one, he makes up as he goes along, just to give de ha-ha to de woid books.

"Dat'll be splendid," Miss Fannie says.
"Dere's everyting in de di'logue."

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

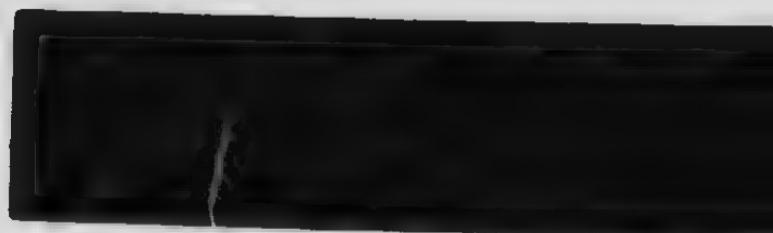
"Everyting but de dough," says Mr. Paul, tautful like. "A play wit notting but beautiful di'logue would have to run on hot air; and I'm told by soitain gents in de business end of de profession dat dere is notting in dis wide, wide woild dat will shrivel up so fast under de influence of a strict hot-air treatment as a play."

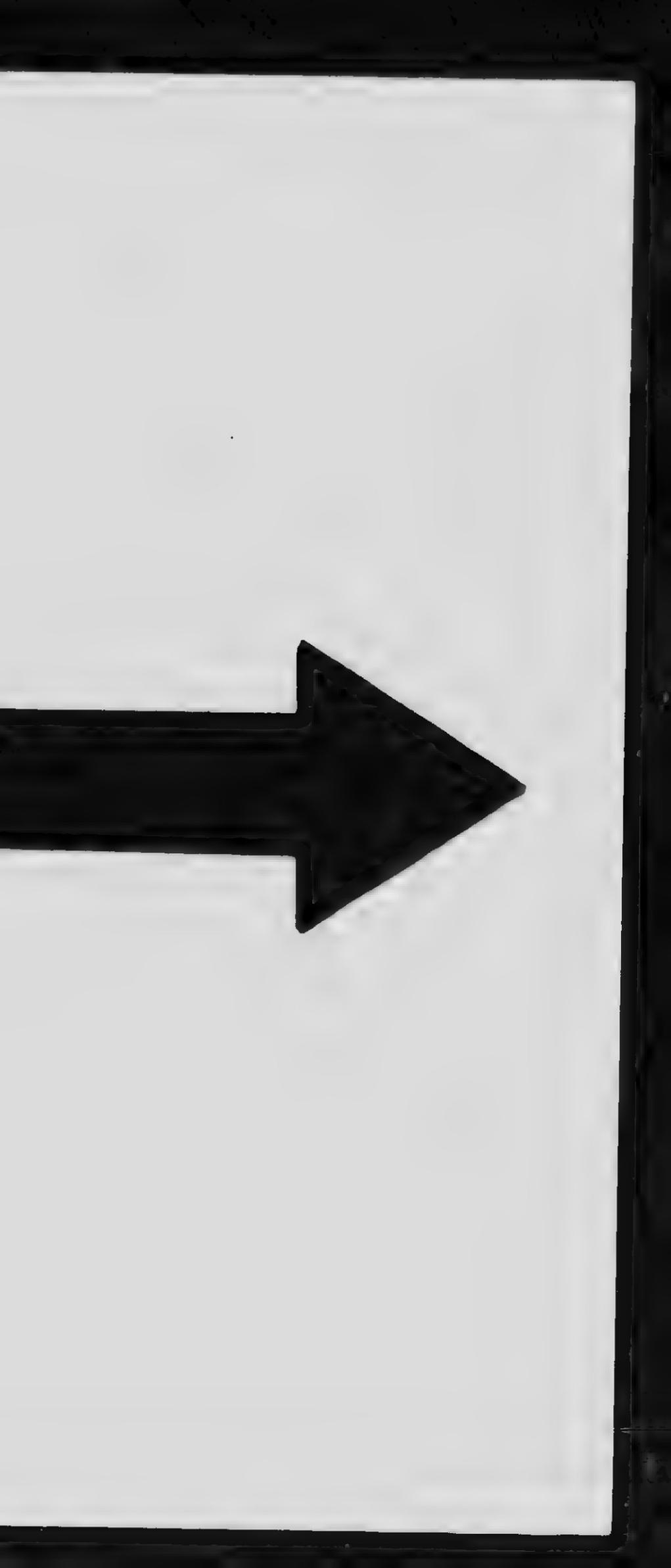
"Den you must give it someting else," Miss Fanny says, getting interested.

"So I am told by de exploits I has engaged to advise me. I shall have a suspended interest hung up in de foist part of de foist act, and never put it down till de coitain at de last act."

"I should tink it would hoit de interest for to be hung so long," Miss Fannie says. "Couldn't de poor ting be let down now and den for de doctors to feel of its pulse and see was it alive?"

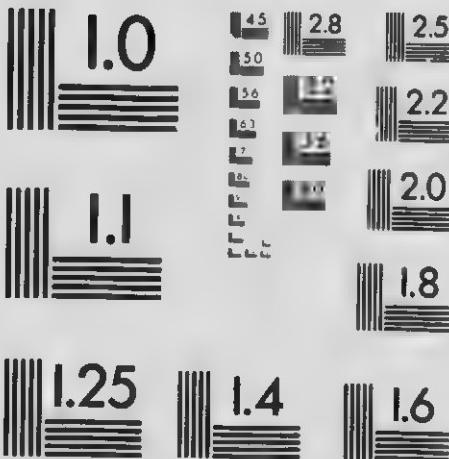
"Dat will be a good ting," Mr. Paul says. "It wouldn't do to ill-treat an in-





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"SURE"

terest ; dere is so few of em going about de stage dese days dat any wise guy"—dose wasn't quite his woids, but I has to straighten out his langwudge once in a while or he'd get his meaning lost in the shuffle—"any wise guy who gets holt of a real interest for a play must keep it alive till all de odder play writers has had deir hack at it."

"What kind of a interest will you have?" she asks, as Mr. Paul stops to see had I fetched de bottle from de right bin.

"My interest will be heart interest, mixed wit a religious, and money, and mind-cure interest. We must catch em going and coming—de gallery and de boxes, de managers and de critics."

"Dat will be too lovely," Miss Fanny says. "When will you put your play on?"

"I would be willing to put it on as soon as it is wrote, but I'm advised dat it is de usual ting to keep it on cold stor-

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

age for a few years, den to take it to England and have it done dere, for to insure it a hearing here. Having me di'logue and interest all attended to, I'm told dat all dat is needed den is a dozen or so new and howling situations. a sympathetic part for de leading loidy, four good coitains, novel stage effects, some lightning stunts dat will knock Broadway silly, some mechanical novelties, gobs of realism, eight scenes never tried before, a backer wit a million to boin, and a cheerful temper not likely to get running rusty when de stage manager knocks everyting but de title out of me manuscript."

"But you have said notting about de subject," says Miss Fannie when she had catched her breat.

"Dat I has not decided upon, as I was saying. Everyting else is fixed, but de subject bodders me. I has taut of de Open Door, wit a Russian gunboat guarding it, but de objection is dat it

"SURE"

might be mistook for a political play, and dat is too much like hard woik for to be swallowed for amusement. Everyting else is dead easy, but de subject is a corker for fair.

Mr. Paul stops to oil his hearings, and Miss Fannie says why don't he take some of de books wrote by a felly named Scott.

"I should tink," says she, "dat de score of adventure books dear Scott wrote would give you subjects, and dey is in de line of lots of plays dat has been successful lately."

"My dear," he says, "you prove dat it is you, not me, dat should be de playwright of de family. A gent I know, who has notting to do, has been going to de teeaters de last five years for de sole poipose of running down de beginnings of de modern historical-novel plays, and he is tickled to deat wit his record, for he has found dat not one of me old fren Scott's novels has escaped. Dey is all on

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

de stage, under new names. If you had only give me dis tip a few years ago I'd now be dragging royalties from de box offices of Sudern, Mansfield, Hackett, and a bunch of loidy stars as well. No, we must seek someting new; and at dis blessed moment I'm divided between 'de Eclipse of de Moon' and 'When is a Fish Why it Bites?' as de subject of me immortal drama."

I shouldn't wonder but Mr. Paul was kidding a little in dat game of talk. If I had time to write a play de subject wouldn't boddere me little bit. I seen a play on de Bower, once, and it was de corkingest play dat ever was acted out on top of de stage. De name of it was "De Floorwalker's Folly, or Grand Street by Gaslight." Say, it was a peach! De Floorwalker was de villain, but in de start tings comes his way so fast dat he had to dodge em. Dat's funny, too. Villains always truns sixes at de start, and twos at de end. I wonder

"SURE"

why? When I writes me own play I'm going to give de villain a start to de bad, and have him put up all de margin dat's called for, and win out at de end wit hands down, giving de foe de ha-ha. Dat'll be realism, and you'll have to keep people out of de teeater wit a gatling gun.

But, as I was saying, dis play was to de good, all right. De owner of de store has a daughter, see? and she was de star. Floorwalker says to her, he says, "Fly wit me to Grand Street," he says, "and we'll live happy ever after de old gent gives me de store to run on me own ac-count," he says.

"Sure, Reginald, dear," she says, "sure, as soon as I see is me hat on straight." But dere was a goil in de store what sold corset covers, and she had a call on de Floorwalker she wouldn't cancel. She wasn't de leading loidy, but de one what wears black close, wit white cuff's and collar, and she says to de lead-

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

ing loidy, "Daughter of de rich," she says, "what know you of de suffering of de poor?" Den de leading loidy says, "Woman!" she says, "I have trouble of me own. What wouldst dow wit me?" she says. Den Collars and Cuffs says, "I have notting in dis woild but me love for Reginald. He is a villain, but I love him, and e'en when he was a cash boy in de ribbon section I promised him my hand. Seek your playtings in de purlieus of de rich, but come not here," she says—"oh, come not here!"

So de leading loidy changes her make-up, and goes to woik as a cloak model in de store for to get a fair line on Reggie. Nobody knows it but her and de audience. Reginald pipes off de new cloak model, and he gets gaily-gaily to once. She passes him out a bunch of goo-goo eyes, and when he tinks he is Number One, he says, "Fly wit me to Grand Street," he says. "Fly wit me," says he, "and as soon as I marry de daughter of

"SURE"

de boss we'll live happy ever after I get
a divoice," he says.

So she says she'd fly, and he got so
chesty wit de way tings was coming to
him dat he couldn't button his coat.

Den we had Grand Street at night, and
say! song and dance artists, and coon
singers, rag-timers, little German band-
ers, and all sorts comes on, and dey says,
"While we is waiting for de Williams-
burg Bridge to be finished," dey says,
"let us sing," dey says, "and dance,"
says dey. Dey had Tony Pastor's down
and out!

Den de leading loidy comes on, wit
Collars and Cuff's behind her, disguised
in de American flag, and dəv lays for de
villain. So does de gallery. Say! we
wants to see him get de trun down so bad
dat even de rag-timers wasn't made to do
deir toin more dan six or seven times over.
Well, well, he gets de gaff for fair when
he waltzes on. For a minute you
couldn't hear what de leading loidy was

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

trunning into him. Den we hears her say, "Base catiff!" she says, "tinkest to wrong me as a poor cloak model wit a forty-two bust and a twenty-two waist? Nay," she says, "I am also de daughter of your boss, and de fren of de poor corset counter goil!"

Wit dat Collars and Cuffs truns off de flag and waves it, and de gallery shies everyting dat wasn't nailed down dey could lay deir hands to at Floorwalker. It was great! "I will marry dis corset cover," says de villain, "if you will not get your pa to discharge me Saturday night." But de leading loidy wasn't conned. "No," says she, "dis poor goil shall come to live in luxury wit me on Second Avenoo, and marry one of de German barons I have no use for." "By heavens!" he says, "dis is hard for fair!" he says. "But it is not all," says she. "De next healt food me pa gets out," she says, "your face shall be used to advertise it." Den he falls dead.

"SURE"

I was telling Duchess how Mr. Paul was up against it looking for a subject for his play.

"Bah!" she says. "One would tink to hear you talk, Master Cheems, dat dere is more dan one subject for a play."

"Dere is a million," I says. "I seen Johnnie Drew in six different pairs of trousers in one night, and he wasn't playing his best at dat. Dere is as many subjects as dere is plays," I says.

"Indeed, mon ami," she says, "when you have exhaust of de one subject, you will stop writing plays. De subject is a boy and a goil, of any age from fourteen to eighty. Just a boy and a goil, dat's all. When you has seen one dat is not so, come to me and I will show you a nice dinner of bread witout butter, an egg witout salt, and some wine dat is toined to vinegar, and I will watch you eat dat dinner. It will amuse!"

But Duchess is forn, and forn folks, when dey tries to use what Mr. Paul calls

DRAMA, HIGH AND LOW

a figur· o' speech, dey always gets de horse before de cart.

I tink yet dat Mr. Paul will make a killing wit his play. If he wants a subject, what's de m'atter wit Whiskers and Wily Widdy? Say, dere's no holding em! He's old enough to know better, and she knows enough to be older, but if dere ain't a weddung inside of a year I'm not a foot high.

"Dey is as good as a play," I says to Duchess.

"Dey is a play," says Duchess. "Dey is playing de only play dere is."

CHAPTER VII

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

DUCHESS is a good goil, and I have no kick due me on her temper; but when someting happens dat I has no more to do wit dan de bull pup has to do wid de state of de wedder, den I gets a specimen of de finest brand of French ragging dat de market affords.

I don't know was it dat she missed connections wit a parasol she expected to get from Miss Fannie, or what t'ell, but one day Duchess gets me in a corner and she says, "Cheems, what is your position in dis house?"

"Second man," I says. "Did anybody ring?"

"Is it de second man's place to be groom for Miss Fannie?" Duchess says.

"I rides after her," says I, "because I

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

was brought up to do it proper when I was a kid, and Whiskers could take a hitching strap to me if I ever took me eyes off Miss Fannie when she was riding. Dat job is special."

"You are valet for Mr. Paul," says Duchess.

"He has a Jap valet of his own," says I.

"But you order his boots," says Duchess. "You t him ready if he's only going somewhere for a week-end."

"Dat's because de Jap ord' riding boots for yachting; and if he gets him ready for a trip he never knows where he'll land."

"Dose is poor excuses," says Duchess. "De odder soivants would tink more proper of you if you done only second man's woik."

"I'll tink about dat," I says, "when de odder soivants pays me wages. What's on your mind, woman?" I says. "It's

"SURE"

not me job dat's bodderin' you. Sing your song, and dance your dance, and let me see what you has up your sleeve besides your elbow."

"You is de real director of de soicus and I have no part in it," says Duchess, and dat shows me where her little bootees was pinching.

We was getting up a soicus—a amateur soicus—for de benefit of yacht sailors' orphans, what dere ain't any of em nearer dan Scandehoovia, where de yacht sailors come from. But dat made no difference; dere had to be a benefit, and yacht sailors' orphans had a romantic sound, as Wily Widdy said, so dat went; and our folks said de soicus might be held on our lawn, 'cause we had de most conveniences for soiving tea.

Dat put it up to Mr. Paul to be director, and he, being too strong to woik hard, puts it next to me.

Dere was a swell comes over to take charge of de riding toins, and I gets up

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

some comics for de laugh side of de show, and takes charge of de woikmen getting up de tents and seats, and looks after de places where refreshments was to be set up, and gets de band, teaches de clown how to do a comic fall, practises up a few tumbling tricks of me own, loins our Kiddie—Little Duke—to do a ring-master toin for Little Miss Fannie, and almost had someting to do.

Of course, a man dat wants to can beat a woman wit a hammer; but if a hammer isn't in de game, de easiest way to do, if you've got to beat her, is not to. So I hustled to find a job in de soicus dat Duchess could hold down, and I got it. I had to.

I had a toin I was rehoising Little Miss Fannie, and our Kiddie, what was home on vacation, and de bull pup. Little Miss Fannie was to put de pup tru his tricks, while Kiddie was ringmaster. De pup done noble in all his tricks except dat he was no dead sure proposi-

"SURE"

tion on going tru de hoop every time. Mostly when Little One held de hoop, after we'd covered it wid paper, de pup would balk, till he'd run round behind it to make sure dat Little One had de piece of meat he was to get. If de hoop wasn't covered he'd see de meat, and go tru like a shot.

I doubles de size of de chunk of meat, but it was no sure ting dat he'd butt de paper till he'd took a peep behind to see for fair dat his wages was dere. You see, he didn't like de paper end of his trick, anyway ; and I was up against how to make de toin a sure shot, till, one day, de folks from our house come down on de lawn to see us rehoise. Wily Widdy was along, and she held her pint measure poodle in her arms.

She was wise. Dat poodle was always in her arms if she was strolling witin a mile of de bull pup. I had sometimes taut dat de pup had made up his mind dat to die a hor'ble deat would be a

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

bargain-counter price to pay for de joy of one chance to bite dat poodle in two. I never did see anyting dat wanted anyting else so bad as de pup wanted to get a hammer-lock wit his jaw on dat poodle!

What made him feel it so hard was dat de poodle knew it, and used to give de pup de ha-ha when he was safe in Widdy's arms. Dogs do a lot of tinking about tings like dose.

Well, pup had balked de hoop wit paper a few times, and I had de Kiddies in a fit because I was going to give pup a bit of a welting, when all of a sudden pup sees poodle, as Widdy was just going to walk behind de banner, and de way pup takes de jump tru de paper, hoping to get Widdy off guard, was lovely to see. But Widdy was leary, as she always is when she has fetched poodle into de same acre of ground as pup, and master bulldog had anodder hard-luck story to worry about.

“SURE”

Dat set me tinking. When de folks had went back to de house I tell Duchess to borrow poodle and fetch him down to where we was rehoising, but not to put Widdy on to what part we wanted de poodle to play. Duchess seen her chance to butt into de show, and she soon had poodle dere, in her arms, and I tried de trick.

It was lovely. All I had to do was to hold poodle on de opposite side of de hoop, and pup went tru em as fast as de coachman's kid could paste on new paper. He never renigs once. He'd a jumped till he wore his feet off on de tousand-to-one chance dat I'd be off guard, and let him get a moutful of poodle. And poodle was having de time of his life, too. When he seen how hard pup was woiking, and dat notting was doing except de puppy, poodle near barked his head off laughing.

“Take poodle back to Widdy,” I says to Duchess, “and say notting about dat

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

we is going to make a actor of him.
I've got a place for you in de show where
you'll only have to put on your swell
rags, and stroll on in a haughty man-
ner."

Well, well, dere's a heap of trouble
in dis life dat comes just when we tinks
we has only to push a button to get a
good ting. De soicus comes off, and was
going like a hurry-call amblance. Not-
ting to stop it! De loidies and gents had
done deir riding toin, some college lads
had done some straight tumbling, and it
was fine; Mr. Paul had made good, as a
straight ringmaster, and den he intro-
duces me as de only 'riginal Bowery song
and dance artist left on top of eart, and
I'd obliged wit de old favorite, "On de
Banks of de Bronks, Where Me Summer
Goil Hangs Out."

Next, Mr. Paul introduces "Little
Miss Fannie, and her Wonderful Trick
Bull Pup." Little One comes in wit pup
and our kid, and I follers along, as

"SURE"

clown, to see dat de pup done all right. De kid makes a great hit, and, say, I was proud of Little Duke. Most of de folks dere was friends of our folks, and dey knows me and Duchess by sight, and when dey hears dat Little Duke was our kid dey gives him a great jolly, and Kiddie says his lines beautiful, all his th's being in place and doing duty.

When de kiddies had put de pup tru all his tricks but de hoop, Duchess strolls in from de dressing room, like she was a swell out for a walk around de block, and she has Wally's poodle in her arms, and de style of her gets a great reception. She hears de folks saying dat she was Hortense, Fannie's maid, and she pipes me off wit a wink, like she was saying, "I told you I'd be de star of de show."

She was! My, my, she was for a fact!

Little Miss Fannie held pup's head

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

away from de hoop until just as Duchess was passing behind, and den she lets de pup see what was doing, and toins him loose. Pup gives a little cry of joy, makes a running jump of it tru de hoop, wit his mout wide open, like he wanted to be ready for dat bite he'd hoped for so long. I nearly had a fit when I sees him land like a flying machine against Duchess, and dat French hussy drops poodle, and lets out a yell dat was heard on de odder side of de Sound.

Pup had caught a moutful of paper as he flew tru de hoop, and dat saved all of our lives, for he was part blinded, and didn't get a fair hold at foist. But he got hold enough to nail poodle's hind leg, and poodle gives a squeal dat brought Widdy down from her seat fly-ing. Whiskers seen dat dere was trouble, and he flies after Widdy; I jumps for de dogs; kiddies gets into de rally; Mr. Paul jumps into de ring to grab de kids:

"SURE"

and de audience applauds to beat de band —what was playing shiver music! Dere was tings doing all over de lot.

I gets into de centre foist, and as de pup lets go his holt to shift to a better one, I grabs him by bote hind legs, and chases; him moaning most sorrowful, but licking his chops, for he had drawn foist blood, anyway.

I makes a quick pass of de pup to de coachman's kid, and tells him on his life not to stop running till he'd locked de pup up in de stables; and den I goes back to de dressing tent, and meets Widdy calling for smelling salts, a doctor, bandages, lin'ment, de police, and a ambulance.

"What have you done wit dat horrible devil-dog dat has murdered my beautiful darling pet?" she says, like a tragedy actress out on top of de stoige.

"Madam," I says, "de bull pup was shot, and drowned; and de coachman has gone to get a pound of poison to give

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

him, and de gardner is fixing a rope to hang de villain, for sure," I says.

"He should be boined alive!" Widdy says.

"He will be, ma'am," I says, "just as soon as we can light a fire."

"And your cat-wife should be boined alive, and sent to prison for dis murder!" says Widdy.

"No need, ma'am," I says. "Duchess has took a pound of carbonic acid, and cut her troat; and I'm just going to get me gun for her," I says. "Let me see your beautiful dog's leg, ma'am," I says. "Is he much hoit?"

"Never you mind poor Fido's leg," she says. "You go and telephone for de vet."

Well, Whiskers comes chasing, and orders me to go back and finish me clown act, dat was included in de dog toin, and me and Mr. Paul soon had de show running again; but de audience was all laughing about de toin dat was not down

"SURE"

on de bill. When Widdy heard en' she was foist near croisy wit rage ; but dames like her can stand any old game except to be made a game of deirselves, so she pretended to take it as a joke, to get out of being part of de joke.

De show was a winner, boodle-wise, and if ever we find any yacht sailors' orphans, dey'll have ice cream and candy de rest of deir lives. But I was feeling like I wished I had a home as far off as Scandehoovia to go to all de time I was helping to soive refreshments after de ball was over. I knowed dat I could square meself wit Mr. Paul all right, but I had me opinion dat Miss Fannie would be dead sore on me for not telling Widdy dat I was going to borer her poodle.

But when de folks had went, and Whiskers had drove off wit Widdy to de vet's, Miss Fannie calls me to de hall, and she looks around to see dat no one was rubbering, and den she shakes hands wit



"LET ME SEE YOUR BEAUTIFUL DOG, MAM," I SAID.

THE CONFUSION OF JAMES

me. "Dat was beautiful done, Chames," she says.

"Tanks, Miss Fannie," I says. "What was beautiful done?"

"Laming Mrs. Harding's poodle, so dat de vet will have to put it out of de woild wit clorform. You did it on poipose, of course!"

Say, I was in what dey calls a problem play, den I hadn't done de poodle on poipose, but if it made me stand to de good wit Miss Fannie to have her tink dat I did, I was willing to stand for dat, or anyting else. So, I just looks wise, and says, "Tank you, Miss Fannie," and goes on me way.

But when I sees Duchess I tells her to put me wise on de game.

"It is so simple," says Duchess. "Whiskaire he do not like de poodle. Very well. Ma'mzelle Fannie she know very true dat Madam Harding will never more be seen wit de poodle, because a woman like her would radder be seen wit

"SURE"

a pair of soiled boots, or gloves—and she'd die before dat—dan to be seen wit a ting dat has made her of de redic'lous. So she will now be more agreeable to Ma'mzelle, and perhaps to Whiskaire."

What bodders me is dat Duchess never got no roast nor notting; and has a smile like she is stuck on herself whenever I speaks of de job; and she has de parasol of Miss Fannie's she's longed for. Do you s'pose dat French goil had de wit and noive to feed de poodle to de pup on poipose? What!

CHAPTER VIII

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

DERE's a fren of mine what used to be de champreen lightweight of Poverty Hollow—dat's east of de Bowery, near where de new Williamsburg bridge comes in—but he was took good, and has a job running a elevator in a mile-high office building near Wall Street. Duchess was never dat far down town, except when she landed, so I says to her on our day off, "Come," I says, "and see a boid's eye view of America, and part of Brooklyn," I says, "so dat when you gets lost you'll know where you are at."

"Is dere no charge for riding in de elevator?" Duchess asks.

All women is alike, but a French goil is more alike dan odder women. Dere is just two kinds of tings dey wants most:

"SURE"

tings dat cost notting, and tings dat cost more dan dey have de price for. Dat's de reason dey likes diamonds and free shows. When I tells her dat one of de elevators in de building was run by a fren of mine, and dat de starter was a felly dat I knows, and wouldn't fire us if we rode up and down all day, Duchess was croisy to be on her way.

Being French, she taut dat dere was a charge for to ride in de elevator; like dere is in Paris. Are you on to dat? Say, in de little hotel we stopped at in Paris dere was a dinky little lift, what dey called de ascenseur, and dere was a charge for to ride down in it, but none to ride up, and you had to run it yourself.

"Dis is no business," I says to Duchess, when I was put wise on de gaine. "Why dis price to ride down, and no price to ride up?"

She tells me dat was because when you rode down in it de office had to send a

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

man to fetch de ting to you, but when you rode up, you fetched it up yourself. Say, wouldn't it take a forn French mug to dope out a game like dat?

I used to walk down and ride up, and de house near went croisy at me beating de game.

But I was going to tell you about me fren de lightweight who went good. He was one of the woist lads dat ever lived in de district, and de police was onto him; he had backers willing to put him into de fighting game in style, when he got a little cleverer; and de precinct boss used to give him a gang of floaters to repeat at de polls every election; and dere was few tings dat brought fame and reputation in de district dat wasn't his. But he went good.

Notting dat his gang, his pals, even his side partner—yes, even his own fadder—could stack up as a argument was any use to save him. He went good. His fadder and side partner got close to him

"SURF"

one day, and dey gives him a talk dat would saved him if dere was any saving in him. But it was to de bad—he went good.

"Johnny, me boy," says his old fadder to him, "tink of what you is giving away! You has bail when you is arrested; you has pull to get you off when you is tried. What, me son, do you want? De eart?"

"Jack," says his side partner, "you must gone clean nutty, to tink of going good wit all de prospect ahead cf you. Ain't you de leader of a gang dat has done up more men dan any odder gang from Cherry Hill to Foist Street? Didn't de police inspector say de odder day dat you was de hardest proposition on de East Side? What soft snap is dere dat you needn't ask for and get? What's your ambition, Jack?" he says. "Even if you wants to be a bouncer in de Bowery, can't you get de job? You has more knockout tricks dan Fitz or Jeff! Even

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

if your pull fails, and you has to do time
on de Island, wouldn't de headkeeper
know dat his job depended on his making
you a trusty?"

But de bug was in his coco, and dere
was no use talking to him—he went good.

He comes to me one day, and he says,
"Chimmie, I'm going good."

"Luck be wit you," says I. "How're
you fixed?"

"I want notting but a job," he says.

"What's happened you, Johnny?" I
says. "I'm tickled to deat to hear it, but
why are you going good?"

"No mission teacher has done dis for
me, as de loidy you calls Miss Fannie
done it for you. I has figured it out by
me lonelies: A graftor's wages isn't
his own. Dat's all dere is in it. De
stuff is dere, and it's easy to cop off, but
when you get it, whose is it? Your own?
Nay, nay! What wit splits, and rake-
offs, and commissions, and divides, when
you gets tru you are in luck if de size

"SURE"

of de roll is enough to pass out what you is touched for by dose dat'll squeal if dey don't get deir rake-off. Dere is notting into it."

When a man goes good after doping out de game like dat, dere's notting can save him for his gang; so I knows he was a safe proposition, and tell Mr. Paul about him. Den it was easy: Mr. Paul tell Miss Fannie, and she got Whiskers to put Jack on a elevator in a building what Whiskers is one of de bosses—director? Dat's it.

Well, Duchess and me starts for de place to see me fren, but we stops on our way to take a peek at me modder and Mrs. Murphy. When she hears where we was chasing to, Mrs. Murphy says, "Johnny'll stay good. I seen him de odder day, and, me knowing his modder, I asks him how he was finding it. He tells me dat de wages was better and de woik lighter being good dan being crooked. Dere's many a good man and

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

woman comes down here to preach dat would save more souls if dey understanded how many poor creatures goes bad because dey tinks de wages is higher; and how many would go good, if dey knew dat de wages was better—and belongs to de man or woman what earns em. Have you seen de poor slip of a goil—not more dan seventeen—your modder and me gives a place to sleep here last night? We got her in de hospital dis morning, but she's coming here to help us when she's out."

When Murphy tell dat, me modder begins to cry and laugh, and I asks what for.

"Sure, Chimmie," she says, "Mrs. Murphy and me, being out in de evening for a bit of fresh air"—

"And a can of beer," chips in Murphy.

"We seen dis poor child, and a bad-looking lad taking money from her hand. Mrs. Murphy gives him one look, and den de back of her hand across his face,

“SURE”

and he tumbles in de gutter. When de police runs up, seeing de crowd, de man in de gutter says Murphy had assaulted him.”

“De cop was Kelly,” says Mrs. Murphy, as me modder stops to wipe her peeps. “It was Kelly—Mrs. Kelly’s Dan—and I tells him I’d give de no-good de back of me hand, and points to de poor shivering goil; and Kell sees what was doing. ‘And I’ll give you ‘le back of my hand, too, for good measure,’ says Kell, and he sends him on his way wit a mouse under his eye. Den your modder and me fetches de poor goil in here, and—well, well, honest folks have little to complain, and less to be proud of. ‘Pity de poor,’ says de man what was preaching in de street, as I goes out to get some food for de goil, while your modder puts some decent close on her. ‘Pity de wicked,’ says I.”

Me modder and Murphy is doing so well, wit all de laundry woik Miss Fan-

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

nie gets for em, dat dey is getting chesty, and is going to have two rooms to live in after dis mont.

But dat wasn't what I was going to tell you. When we gets to de office building, and I'd give de starter a knock-down to de Duchess, she says: "Is it of a verity what my husband say, dat it cost notting to go up in de ascenseur?"

"We makes no charge, ma'am," says de starter, giving me de wink. "But dere is a lot of brokers and divoice lawyers in de building, so I won't say dat it don't cost notting to go up in dis building. But, ma'am, if you and Chimmie isn't looking for a divoice, and hasn't a dead-sure tip you're going to play on stocks, why, it won't cost you a cent to go up or down."

He gives us de key to de door dat let us out on de roof, and we left de elevator at its last stop, and makes for de roof.

"SURE"

Was you ever on de roof of one of dose mile-highers? Say, dey is great! Dere was a little cottage—and not so very little at dat!—right on de roof, where de janitor and his wife and kiddies lived; and de janitor's wife was gossiping wit a neighbor on anudder roof, and de kiddies was playing around like dey was on de ground in deir own backyards, instead of up among de clouds.

In de corner was a painter mug, painting a picture of what he seen, and if he gets half of it in, it'll be a wonder; only folks won't believe it; for you is looking down on de Brooklyn Bridge, instead of rubbering to look up at it.

Duchess goes up and peeps at de picture, toins her head wit one ear down and one up, squints her peepers, makes a meglephone of her hands and puts it to her eyes, and den sidesteps and gives a look like if she didn't take care she'd fall off de roof wit excitement, and winks to me to catch on. So I says "P'chee!"

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

and "My, my!" and "Wow!" and wondered wedder I was to knock de picture, or press agent it. De artis toins around and sees Duchess blinking like de picture was so fine it nearly blinded her; and me, catching on, says, "Can you beat it? De finest ever!"

Den de artis says someting in French —Duchess was on dat he was a forner—and we was soon gassing gaily-gaily; Duchess explaining to me what he said; and foist ting I knowed de ting happened dat Duchess was playing for—de mug asks us would we lunch wit him.

He digs out of a satchel a bottle of claret, some goo-goo stuff dat Duchess calls patty, and some cheese sandwiches, and in a minute we was lunching and talking art to beat de band—a-up dere in de sky! Duchess said tings to de artis dat she told him I'd said, till he asked was I a artis, too; so she must done me fair; and when she says I was not an artis, only a lover of art—like his—he

"SURE"

passes her over a little picture of de big one he was doing, and says would we accept it wit his compliments.

Well, when we'd rode up and down in de elevator a dozen times for Duchess to get her fill of a free snap—dough it made her sick—we went on our way, and in de street she tell me dat de artis was a top-liner, for fair; dat she'd read in de papes about him, and dat de picture was woit good boodle.

On de level, dat was no pipe. I soon found out, for I says dat if i. was what she said, and de artis was a top-notcher, I could sell it to a paper, like a mice. We chases to Park Row, and goes to de boss in charge of de picture end of de newspaper shop, and I flashes it out to him, and asks him did he want it. He looks at de name signed, and den he says dat he could use it, and would give five for it.

"On your way!" I says. "Five for a picture wit dat name signed?"—for I

MYSTERY OF GOING GOOD

was on dat it was de name dat was woit
de gate money.

"How much?" he says.

"A tenner," I says, "or I'll take it to
de next shop."

"De way he made me out an order on
de paymaster for a tenner made me kick
dat I hadn't asked twenty. Anyway,
we cashed in, and Duchess reaches for
de long green, and she says, "I'll kee
dis, Cheems, until we make up our minds
what to do wit it."

"You'll sink it, woman!" I says, "as
per usual."

"Maybe," she says, and she didn't
say notting more for so long I got a
fright dat she had gone dumb. Say, dat
goil walked up and down de Row, she
stopped and looked up, looked down,
whispered to herself, opened her hand
and rubbered at de tenner, and closed
her hand, and shivered; and I tinks dat
she was gone dotty, and how could I get
her home.

"SURE"

Honest, she near walked de feet off me before she says, "Cheems, let us go to your modder's again."

I didn't ask no questions, cause when Duchess gets one of dose fits on, she screams if I tries to jolly de game. We gets back to modder's room just as she and Mrs. Murphy was having a cup of tea, as dey ironed; and dey sees to once dat Duchess was doing tings wit her tink tank dat didn't call for no remarks. De rest of us gasses, while Duchess opens her hand, peeks at de boodle, and closes her hand on it again about a million times; and at last she pops out wit: "Modder Fadden, when will dat goil dat you took in from de street be here again?"

"In a few days, dearie," says modder. "De amblance doctor said dat de poor child only wanted a little rest, and good noissing, and he'd have her back here."

All of a suddent Duchess jumps up, passes de tenner out to modder, and says,

MYS) ERY OF GOING GOOD

"Spand' dat for her, Modder Fadden.
Cheems and me got it by our wits to-day,
but we have got lots of wits left."

It was de foist time in her life I ever
knowed Duchess to part wit boodle. And
de funny ting about it is dat she never
seen de goil. Women is queer!

CHAPTER IX

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

We'll be getting back into little old New York pretty soon, for de twenty-round fight to a finish wit de society racket. Dat's de reason Duchess has to be chasing into de town house now and den, for to see has de gang at woik putting new frills on de inside of de house done any woik, or just struck. I was in wit her de odder day, and she says, as she pipes off de empty rooms, says she:

"It would be a polite ting for us to give a reception to our frens before de family comes in and fills de house."

"Sure," says I. "In de basement, wit beer and frankfurters soived in de kitchen."

Duchess humped her shoulders, de way

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

French goils has, instead of being sassy out loud, and I cops dat she was cooking some trouble.

Well, a day or two after dat I hears her say to Miss Fannie, "Would Mam-zelle object if Chames and me had a few of our frens to de town house for to entertain em, before de house is opened?"

"Soitainly not, Hortense," says Miss Fannie. "You can make any use of de kitchen and ice box you wishes; and if you is to dance, use de dining-room."

So Duchess gets busy making out her invitation list.

"We'll only have ladies' maids, valets, head grooms, butlers, second men and house footmen," she says.

Anyway, Duchess makes out de list for de boys and goils what we is to give a invite to, and I pipes it off, to see was I in de game for play or pay.

"Where's Maggie de housemaid?" I says, "and me fren de barkeep, and me modder and Mrs. Murphy?"

"SURE"

"Why Maggie?" says Duchess.
"She's only a housemaid."

"But she's me fren's steady," I says,
"and he'll fetch up de Roseleaf's orchestra."

Women is clever at coppin' wedder
deir husbands is only chit-chatting or
declaring deirselves, so Maggie and me
fren, and me modder and Murphy gets
deir invites for our reception.

Me fren brings along de Roseleaf or-
chestra, a banjo and a guitar, and, say,
till you hears dose two lads do Hiawater
wit deir plink-plunks, you'll never know
what grand opera is. Dey has Susa,
and Reggie DeKoven beat to a jelly!

Me fren sends up de case beer at cost
price, and Duchess and Maggie make
near a ton of sandwiches, so we was fixed
for de real part of de show, all right.

Evening dress was derigor, and I was
de rigorest Willie in de walk, for I'd just
copped a evening dress suit off Mr. Paul,
what it fitted him too quick.

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

Well, when everyting was ready for de boys and goils to come, Duchess says to me, "Light up in de parlors," she says; "hast'en, me man," says she.

"Miss Fannie never said we might use de parlors," I says.

"She never says we mightn't," says Duchess. "Make haste, for de guests will be arriving, and we must be ready to receive em proper."

"De proper way to receive em is wit a glad hand, and an open bottle of beer at de kitchen door," I says.

"Dat would do for under soivants," Duchess says, chesty. "Not for upper soivants. Make haste. De guests will enter by de tradesmen's door, and come up to de parlor, where you and me will receive em."

I seen dat it would be a case of rough house if I didn't let Duchess do like she'd laid out de game, and I tinks dat de gang dat was coming was well knowing how to behave in a parlor, most of em being

“SURE”

**parlor soivants, so I toins on de electrics,
and Duchess hustles 'me into me joint,
alongside her in de front parlor.**

Listen! Doing me duty at Miss Fannie's, I've seen many a fine-haired dame in full sail at a reception, but de best of em was also ran by de side of Duchess. My, my! If you'd seen de swagger of dat goil when de mugs and lasses begins to show up, you'd died wit laughing. She had de high-armed shake, de stitch in her side, de property smile, and de thousand-mile-away look in de eye, dat near par'lyzes me modder and Mrs. Murphy when it comes deir toin to get de hand.

Mrs. Murphy couldn't take her peepers off Duchess, and she slides up behind me for to be near. Soon I hears her talking to herself:

“Look at de leddy,” she says. “A lord's leddy hasn't de style of her. And to tink she's Chimmie's own wife! She's like a queen on her golden trone, she is! Don't tell me all dese grand folks is hired

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

men and goils. Dey's de cream of society, well I know. Lave me go and find Chimmie's modder, to see is dere any beer in de house—so dry I am wit de excitement."

All dat style comes near putting a frost on de whole box of tricks; for de odder loidies' maids was bound for to be as far up in de air as Duchess, and it looked like dere was nobody to break de ice, till Maggie, who looked like she'd scream when she piped Duchess, says to her steady, me fren de barkeep, "Start de band, Johnnie, or we'll all tink dat 'e is at a funeral."

Den tings began to go gaily-gaily, for fair; and Mrs. Murphy, who'd been next to de ice box, floats up from de basement, and, seeing me still holding up de bay window wit me dignity, she says, Murphy says:

"Chimmie, your fadder could dance a reel wit any man out of de County Kerry. Stop de band playing dat float-me-gentle

"SURE"

music, and give us a reel, and see what you'll see."

So I asks de lads to give us a jig-time piece, and me and Murphy faces each odder, and begins. Say, soivants is mostly like odder folks, and when dey sees dat dere was notting going to happen to em if dey enjoys deirselves, dey toins loose, and in a minute we has a reel going dat makes de tears of joy come to me modder's eyes. Murphy was de Queen of de May. Sure! You might not tink from looking at her dat she could shake a lively leg; but p'chee, when we had got warmed up, and I'd let out a few Kerry yells to give her heart, a buck dancer would look like a marble statue alongside of de old loidy. Some of de hands we had dere was French, some English, some Switzers, and all sorts; and all had some kind of a dance of deir own forn parts dat dey could foot to de music of dat banjo and guitar; and even Duchess, she got de fever, and

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

was doing a hint from Paris wit a French valet, dat wasn't so woise. De fun was just about up to G when I seen poking his head in from de dining-room door de cop on post!

Tings stopped sudden.

"We're raided," says me fren.

"Trun out de cop," says a Irish coach-man. But I says, "Howdy, Kel?" him being a copper I knowed, named Kelly.

"Dese premises is down on de station house list as 'Owners away,'" says Kel.

"Sure," I says. "If dey wasn't away we wouldn't be here."

"Have you a permit from de owners for dis pic-nic?" says Kel.

"Sure," I says. "Do we have to get a police permit, too? Modder," I says, "remember your manners, and get dis copper a glass of beer. Don't you see dat de man is toisty?"

So Kel truns his lip over a schooner or two, and den he pipes us off at de dancing, and pretty soon Maggie dares him

"SURE"

to do a step wit her, she remembering him as one of de fanciest step dancers on de force.

"I'm fraid Rounds will be coming dis way," he says, "or I'd show you a step."

"Lave Rounds come," says Murphy, "and we'll invite him in too. De more coppers we have inside de less dere'll be to bodder folks on de street."

Well, dey jollied Kel till he took off his helmet and coat, and he done a step for us dat made de forners dere near fall dead. Dey was old-fashioned Glue Brodders steps, dat is gone to de woods lately; but, say, dose steps isn't loint while you wait.

Everyting would been all right after dat but for Murphy. De high society or de ice box got on her noives, and all of a suddent she lets out a yell dat must have been heard from Murray Hill to Union Square.

"For de love of Heaven, Mrs. Mur-

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

phy," I says, "have your manners about you, or we'll be pinched for distoibing de peace."

But I was too late. Dere was a knock on de summer door, and Kel near drops, for de knock was made wit a cop's stick. "It's de roundsman!" he gasps, and slides into his coat and helmet, and looks for a hole to hide in.

Den Duchess gets into de game. "Stay where you are, M'sieu officer," she says, "and take your cue from me."

Wit dat she goes to de summer door, and makes a long job of opening it.

"What'll I do, Chimmie?" says Kel, seeing himself broke, or fined twenty days' pay.

"Do what you see de Duchess wants you to," I says to him. "She's got stupider mugs dan you out of woise fixes dan dis," I says.

Den I hears Duchess open de door, and say, "Tank Heaven you has come, Captain!"

"SURE"

Dat was a fair start ; it never done no harm to call a roundsman "Captain."

"What's doing here?" says Rounds, coming to de parlor. I winked to Kel to brace, and he braced—like he saw de electric chair ahead of him, and was bound to die game.

"What is doing! Mon Dieu, I should ask you a little what is doing?" says Duchess, sparring for wind. "Has dis officer a right to come into my house and order us about like we was stable soivants? Has he a right for to ask of so many questions?"

Kel looked like a load of coal was took off his chest when he see what kind of a alibi Duchess had sprung.

"Your house?" says Rounds. "Dis is Mr. Van Courtlandt's house, according to my list."

"Of a soitainty," says Duchess. "And I am M'sieu Van Courtlandt's daughter's maid, is it not?"

"Well," says Rounds, "dere's been so

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

many robberies in de diamond back district lately dat de officer on post must be on de watch, when he knows dat de owners is not at home. You done right to come in to inquire, Kelly," he says.

"Tanks, Rounds," says Kel.

"Oh, very well," says Duchess. "If it was de officer's duty to come in here and ask so many questions, I shall not report him. It is a warm night, Captain, is it not?"

"Radder hot," Rounds says, taking off his helmet.

"Would you do me de honor for to have a bock?"

"I wouldn't mind," says Rounds.

"And may de officer have one?" Duchess asks, wit her baby stare.

"It'll do him no harm," Rounds says, wit a wink at Kel.

Duchess fetches de beer, and as de cops was putting it away Murphy was piping Rounds like she was in a trance,

"SURE"

den she says to him: "Your name's Hal-ligan, and you're from de Oak Street station two years ago, or I'm not a foot high."

"De same," says Rounds. "How did you get into high society, Mrs. Murphy?"

"I didn't come here in a police patrol wagon, anyway. You're a County Gal-way man, and de men of your county dances like a steer wit only tree hoofs. Dey is no good!"

"No woman out of Kerry can stand up wit me," says Rounds wit a laugh.

"Dat's me," says Murphy. "Take up de rug, Duchess, dear, so's we can hear our feet, and I'll put shame on dis Gal-way man, or die in me tracks."

Say, it was better dan a show out on top of de stage! Rounds started in like a winner, but he was a bit overweight, and, before twenty minutes of it, Murphy had him limping, and in half an hour he stops, and Murphy goes on for

WHEN THE MICE PLAY

five minutes more, just to put de shame on him hard.

De cops had de time of deir lives, of course; and as Duchess says, it give eclaw to our blow-out for to have it decorated wit de guilt of uniform. But de top time of all was had by Mrs. Murphy.

"I never taut," she says, "dat I'd be dancing on de very hight of Murray Hill. 'Tis a gr-rate counthry, and a good citizen, wedder she be a real American like me, or a forn dago, like Chimmie's wife, need fear no foe, nor hide her tallons in a bushel, while de light holes out to boin, and fame goes coochy-cooing down de cooridors of time, as de dear dead poet says, wit de candles boining at bote ends and de middle, to de greater glory of St. Patrick—rest his soul—is de ice box empty, Chimmie?" she says.

CHAPTER X

BUCK SENTER'S ERROR

"I AM much interested in de subject of education," says Mr. Paul, "and I'm tinking of writing a letter to de papes about it, and I would, 'cept dat I has not wrote a letter for so long I'm not hand wise at de game."

"Dere is too much education!" says Whiskers. "De people is all becoming Nannychists, and Socialblists, and Free-traders, and all wicked tings because dey knows too much to be good, and not enough to be wise."

Say, dis education game is getting on me, too. I gets a letter from Little Duke, what is our Kiddie, and he is raking down education wit bote feet. Foist he writes me, "Dear Dad," he writes, "I am doing well. I want a pair of boxen

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

gluves. Yure loven chamesnapoleonemmet. 2 pairs. The other boy's is 2 hard."

So I goes to Duchess, and I asks her would she unbelt de price. P'chee! she says, "Sure!" and never asks no questions, except was boxing gloves needed in a American gent's education.

I tells her dat if Kiddie didn't get de gloves he would be put at de foot of de class every recess, and she pungles like a mice.

Den I gets anodder letter from Little Duke, and he writes, "Dear Dad," he writes, "I am getting on fine. I want some cort plaster and anarchy for spranes. Tell dear Mama hankies is fine for bandages. Yure loven Emmet."

I didn't bodder Duchess about dis part of de lad's education, dese tings being in my line, and easy to get from housekeeper's closet.

Den I gets anodder letter. He's a great writer, dat boy is. "Dear Dad," he writes, "I am getting on fine. I want a

"SURE"

football sute, also a nose gard. Mine is sore. Your loven Napoleon. p. s. Nose gards is for the nose when you buck the senter, and the other boy hits first. C. N. E. F."

I was up against what a nose gard was till Kiddie explained; but den I see dat if our boy was to come to his loving parents wit a face dat wouldn't put de bull pup out of de running for good looks, a nose gard was on de programme.

So I make a light touch on Duchess in de cause of education, and I goes to de shop where dey sells whai foot ballers has to have in deir business, and I says to de cloik, "I wants a nose gard."

"For yourself?" he says, piping off my face, and reaching for de biggest box on de shelf.

"Not exactly for me," I says. "For me second edition," I says, and he tumbles.

I was rubbering around de shop, when

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

a lad built like a snow plow gives me de asking eye, and I nods frenly, and he comes up, and says, "Excuse me for not knowing you at once," he says, polite. "But de last time I seen you, you had on a nose gard, a head shield, and ear protectors, a bandaged eye, and a torn and muddy jacket; so I didn't quite make out to be sure till I heard you speak. Dat was a lively game, all right," he says, smiling pleasantly. "I hope I didn't hoit you dat time I kicked you in de cheek, and our ends scrubbed your face in de gravel, and de tackles jumped on your spine."

"Oh, no," I says, wondering wedder he was bug house, or only conning me. "Not a bit de woise for me spine!" I says. "How's yours?"

"Great," he says. "I hope you are on your team, and we'll meet again," he says. "I remember you well, now dat I hears you speak, and sees you walk; and I am glad to see you out of uniform.

"SURE"

Are you in training, or will you have a little drink?"

"Bote," I says. I tumbles dat he mistook me for a felly he had run up against in some game of football last year, and so as not to disappoint him, I taut I'd let it go at dat.

So we waltzes over to a bar, where he says, as easy as if he was calling for zwei steins, "A quart, here, barkeep, and lively, if you please!"

Well, I seen by de way barkeep gets busy, and hustles a quart of fizz, and smiles, and tells de lad outside of de bar to soive it to us at a table, and be sharp about it, dat me new fren was some kind of a star; and I makes a bluff to go for a sandwich, and I asks de barkeep on de quiet who was me side partner.

He looks at me like I'd asked him who Jeffrics, or Mr. Roosevelt was, and he says, "Why, Chimmie," he says, him knowing me, "why, Chimmie," he says, "dat's Buck Senter!"

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

"Is it?" I says. "What's his trade?"

"Go on!" he says.

"On de level," I says.

"Ask me what Chim Corbett's trade is!" he says. "Buck Senter is de football champeen!"

Den I tumbles. I goes to de table, and looks at him over de rim of me glass, and I sees dat dere was no con about him; dat he tinks I was some star in de same line as him, and as he seems glad to tink so, I didn't want to trun no disappointment into him, and waits to get me cue.

"Notting in de new rules," he says.

"Not a ting," says I.

"Just as many chances for slogging as ever."

"Just de same," says I.

"De more open de play, de more chance you has to pick out de felley you has it in for, to put him on de side lines."

"Sure," I says, wishing dat Kiddie put me wise on more tings dan he had.

“SURE”

Den I sees dat it was up to me to make some sort of a crack on me own account, and I says, “De side lines is for dudes,” I says, and looks to see was dere anything in de bottom of me glass.

“Dere you’re right,” he says. “Dese reformers would have more license to talk about mod’fyng de rules if it was dem, not us, dat has to take de punishment.”

“De reformers is Willies,” I says, sticking to me line of argument, seeing dat I had made good, and afraid to go fishing for more points.

“Dey is just dat—Willies!” he says. “Say, I’m glad you haven’t got notting against me for dat nasty spill I gives you, when I tackled you low de time you got around our left end, and would made a touchdown if I hadn’t been in de way.”

“Don’t mention it,” says I. “I likes a spill as well—as well as I like a glass of de boy.”

“By George!” says he, motioning de

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

lad to fetch anodder bot, "dat's de kind of talk. I want to play ball wit a man who don't tink football is checkers. Are you playing back again dis year?"

"Back again," I says. "Are you back again?"

"Man alive! I never was back."

"Here all de time?" I asks, wondering what made him look so woozy.

"Say, old chap," he says, "what's de joke? Let me in on de fun. You know where I played last year—right tackle."

"Sure!" I says, smiling wise, but saying notting more, till I could get next to de proposition. "Sure!"

"Didn't I see you buying a nose gard? What pattern did you get? Let's see it."

Dere was where I forgot meself. I passes him out de dinky ting; he looks at it, den he looks at me nose, den he whistles soft, and den he says, "Going to have a slice of your nose cut off? Dis won't go over one side of de one you has in de middle of your face, now."

"SURE"

I was tinking what line of talk I'd pass out to square meself, when de barkeep butts in. He'd been dying to get out from behind de bar to get in on our chit-chat, but he was too busy till den. He waltzes up, and he says, as delighted wit himself as de bull pup when it gets a holt on de cat's tail, he says, "Mr. Senter, shake hands wit me fren, Chimmie Fadden; Chimmie, shake hands wit Mr. Senter. Have a cigar on de house, gents."

Say, Mr. Buck Senter is all right, all right. Foist he gets red, don he laughs like he'd fall off his seat, and he says, "On me woid," he says, "you is de dead ringer for what's-his-name, dat played—hold on; is dis on de level? Ain't you Sandy Bull, of Princeyard? No? Well, Chimmie, I'm delighted. Trot out your cigars, but dey is on me. I might known, dough," he goes on, piping me off close. "Sandy is a bit tougher in his langwudge dan you is, but it is de build dat fooled me. Drink up, and split anodder bot on

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

me. I'd get trun off de team if coach knowed I broke training like dis; but dere's a lot of nonsense about dose training rules."

Well, we has gaily-gaily times for an hour or two; me taking me new fren tru de Bowery, and showing him some tings he said was never dreamed of in his philos'phy, meaning, I suppose, dat de dream books at his college was back nuinbers.

Before he says ta, ta, me fren all of a suddent says, "I say, old chap," he says, "what de deuce is dat nose gard for, anyway?"

So I tells him about Kiddie, and shows him de youngster's letter. He was tickled to deat wit de letter, and makes a copy of it to show his college frens. Den he says dat Kiddie writes like de real stuff; and dat we must see dat he went to his college when he was old enough; for it was lads dat began de game when dey was kids dat dey was looking for. Den

"SURE"

he takes me back to de store, and p'chee! he blows Kiddie off to a whole box of tricks dat is worn in de game, and has em sent to Kiddie's school wit "de compliments of Buck Senter."

I didn't tell Duchess about dat, for many of de tings Buck buys for de Kiddie makes me wonder if de game wasn't woise dan being put in a straitjacket and a diving bell at de same time. Duchess might not like de proposition, and stop de lad's education entirely.

But I writes Kiddie about it on de sly, and told him not to tell his modder, but to write me what kind of a hit he made in his new outfit. I gets a letter soon. Copy it.

"Dear Dad, I'm getting on fine. The things the grate Buck Senter bot for me has put me at the hed. I'm captain, boss and president, the biggest boy in schol give me haf of his pie from home. The boy I stuck the nose gard into his eye is in the infirmry now. I like schol.



"'I'M CAPTAIN, BOSS AND
PRESIDENT'"



BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

if I go to college I will be IT. you're loven Emmet. p. s. Tell dear mama a boy sed I was a dude for haven so many hankies. he is now on the cide line."

I shows de Kiddie's letter to Mr. Paul, and he says, "De future may be a bit shy on Washingtons and Jeffersons; but while we is producing Buck Senters de march of progress cannot be stopped until we has conquered de whole woild. Chames, such tauts induces a toist."

So I pulls de plug from a pint for Mr. Paul, and chases off to tell Duchess dat our boy was going to march to progress till he owned de eart.

I didn't tell her. I found her in our room kicking her heels tru de carpet, and using langwudge what I was glad was in forn dago, for I knew from de sound of it I'd love Duchess more if I didn't understand anyting but de general gait she had struck—not de particulars.

When she'd come to enough to talk

"SURE"

English, I says, "Woman," I says,
"what's happened you?"

"Mon enfant! Mon Dieu!"

"Make it American, you are well
enough," I says.

"What horrid ting is dis?" she says,
and flashes a photograph at me.

P'chee, it was Kiddie, in de full uni-
form Buck had give him; and besides dat
he had one arm in a sling, one cheek
patched wit court plaster, one eye ban-
daged, but he wore a smile dat was lovely
to see.

Kiddie had sent a letter wit de picture,
and dis was what it said—copy it:

"Dear mama. I take my pen in a boy's
hand who is a fren because my hands
are sore to tell you I am well and hope
you like the fotegraf a techer took of us
when we done up the other schol 24-18
me making a toch down but getting
takeled the next tri. Plese send me more
hankies for the boys like them when hurt
which is frequent and the pie I want most

BUCK'S SENTER'S ERROR

is 2 pies. If I had a dog I cud keep him
in the barn. no cats. Mr. buck Senter
gave me his picture by letter and all the
boys want to see, but I make them pay
five cents a look. no promises taken.
yure loven son & capt'en Emmet."

CHAPTER XI

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

WE is back in town again, and I feels so fit to have stones to walk on, noises to keep me from falling asleep in de day-time, and cars and cabs to dodge to keep me in training, dat I has to sing me little song about it or trun a fit.

When we gets settled in our town house Whiskers says to me, "Chames," he says to me, "Chames, I am expecting a visit from me fren from Boston, and he is a student of socdology"— "What's dat? Sociology?" Dat's de woid, de very woid, Whiskers used. "And me fren being a student of sociology," he says, "I may want you for to guide us on some little tour where we may obsoive," he says, "de lower orders in deir natural

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

habitat," he says, using woids nearly as dudey as Mr. Paul's.

"Yes, sir," I says. "Would de habitat be near de Bowery, or Hell's Kitchen, or Poverty Hollow, or Cherry Hill, or Little Italy, or Little Hungary, or"—

"We'll wait and see how me fren's mind is disposed," says Whiskers. "Being from Boston, he has more mind to be consulted dan most of me frens, and we'll see how he is woiking his intellectuals," says Whiskers, calling his fren dat hard name witout a wink.

I was on to his fren, all right. He's dat sporty boy from Boston who visits us every year, and I has had a run-in wit him and Whiskers before now. He tips fine, and dat socdology he studies won't never be teached in no school.

De next night after de sporty Boston gent comes was de opening ball of de Roseleaf Social, Outing and Life Saving Club, so I says to him, when I takes him his coffee in bed in de morning, dat if he

"SURE"

was looking for a study in socdology dat
was de real ting I could fetch him down
dere dat night, and insure his life and de
retoin of his hat, for a dollar a trow.

"Sure," he says. "Now dat I rec'nizes
you as de same young man dat was me
guide, phlos'pher and fren on me last
visit of obsoivation, anyting you suggest
will be sure to be a profitable study."

So I tells em dat all dey would have
to do was to get masks, for de foist Rose-
leaf blowout was a fancy dresser, but dey
would be fancy enough if dey hid deir
mugs wit masks. Duchess tells me dat
she wasn't going, so I didn't have nobody
to look after but Sporty and Whiskers—
but dey is enough! I chases down to de
drum of me fren de barkeep, and at 10
o'clock me swell company comes along
and makes good by ordering de plug
pulled from a quart, and asking me and
me fren to split it wit em. "It's all by
way of studying socdology," I hears
Boston say. Dey has a hack wit em

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

and we gets in, puts on our masks and goes to de ball in time for de grand march, what I leads wit Maggie de housemaid, she being de steady of me fren, who's de president of de Roseleafs.

We ain't no political club, see? so we plays bote parties; and bote district leaders was dere. Whiskers and Boston not being in on de grand march, I takes em over to de leaders, who was sitting on de side of a bottle, as frenly as two pups in a basket, and I gives em a knock-down to each odder, not naming me swells' names, but telling de leaders dat dey was frens of mine. So de leaders says, "Any fren of my fren—anodder quart!"

Dey was soon as tick as four teeves; and I tinks dat Boston might be wanting to study how polities is run bote sides of de fence, so I lets em out of me mind, and goes in for de grand march up to de limit. We was just doing de last toin around de hall, Maggie walking on de edge of her foot for joy dat she, and not

"SURE"

Duchess, was doing de lead, when I sees a party come in dat nobody knows, and dey was ragged out in de fanciest dresses of de whole bunch.

"Who's de fairies?" I asks Maggie, and she says dey is some of de ladies of de leaders' gang, what had come to look on, and get de woit of de boodle we'd touched de leaders for. I wish I'd looked hard at em. I'd known.

So I says, "All right; if dey is out for de woit of deir price, let's give it to em. Take partners for de Roseleaf quadrille!" I yells, and me and Maggie, what is two of de highest kickers, we takes de head of de foist set, and de band began to play. At me side was a dame of de party I'd seen come in, and she was doing fancy tings wit de end of her toes, and I sees dat Maggie had to woik if she was to keep de record. When we balances to corners I lets out a link and plays up to de dame, but, p'chee! she was all dere, and a little to de good, at dat. Dere was

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

war in Maggie's eye when she seen what me corner could do; and de odder sets broke up, de way we do when dere is a challenge on; and if de dame on me corner wasn't giving Maggie a challenge she didn't know de rules of de game. It was up to me to be ace to two queens, for nobody else in de set could make it interesting for dose two goils—Maggie and de unknown.

Dey had a ring around us by dat time, and dere was me swells, and de leaders, plugging de game and whooping tings along to beat de band—and de band was earning wages at dat.

When we was done de leaders invites us—Maggie, me and de unknown—over to de side table I trun a lip over a glass, and I was afraid to renig, for if I did it might give it away who me swells was. Whiskers sees me fix, and he says, "All right," he says to me on de sly, "All right, Chames; we is out for to study sociology, and you can drink at de table

"SURE"

wit me, and no harm done." Of course, he didn't know who Maggie was, neider did Boston, and I whispers to her to say notting, and she wouldn't be found out.

"Go along wit you," she says, "I'm in me place here, and no shame to be found out. It's dose high rollers dat isn't in deir place."

Well, I was worrying a bit, but de swells wasn't; and dey all, de leaders as well as de swells, tries to find out who de unknown was. But it was no use; she wouldn't say notting in a regular voice; and dough Boston offered her a box of gloves if she'd take off her mask, she only shakes her head and gives him de ha-ha.

Say, dere must be someting what Mr. Paul calls "zelerating" about taking a glass at a Roseleaf ball, for pretty soon de swells was letting out deir college yell, what dey must loined forty years ago, or so, and when de next set was called for, p'chee! if dey didn't grab off de unknown



"PRETTY SOON DE SWELLS WAS LEFTIN' OUT
DEIR COLLEGE YELLS."



BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

and Maggie, and make a side! De old gazahboos was not so wise at dat High and fancy stepping must been one of de tings loine dat d it college, for dey wasn't lounging in no back seat, none of de time. Maggie got a fierce scare on when she found herself at one end wit Boston, and she didn't do her best; but de unknown was right in it, and was having de time of de evening, when Whiskers holds out his hat about five feet up. Say, she let go, and de toe of her shoe runs tru de top of de silk dicer so far dat it held on, and I picks it off for her, and when I does it, she was laughing to herself, and hully gee! I was on in a minute—it was Wily Widdy!

I didn't have to ask de answer. I knows it was some game of Duchess, and I says notting, but goes on a still hunt for dat goil, keeping de punctured dicer in me hand. I didn't have to look far, for I soon sees a figure dat I'd know for

“SURE”

Duchess a mile off in a fog, and I waits till she was out of de set she was dancing, and I says to her, “Woman!” I says, “what’s doing?”

When she sees de dicer in me hand, she says, “Dat was a good boy for to capture Whiskaire’s hat. Give it to me, and I will make it into ten dollair.”

De cheek of her paralyzed me so dat I yielded de dicer, and asks was I to be let into de game she was playing. “Sure,” says she. “Madam Harding is fond of sport, and she asks me could I get her here and home wit nobody knowing—dat was when I tells her dat you was to take Whiskaire and M’sieu Boston here.”

“You had a right not to go and tell her notting,” I says.

“Of a soitainty,” says dat saucy hussy, “I had a right not to, but I had a right for to do it, also.”

De leaders bote ask Widdy in to supper, but she says dat she had radder have

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

supper at de Lobster Palace, and at dat Boston jumps at his chance and he gives her an invite to supper dere. She says sure, but dat she would have to ask a fren, and dey says any fren of hers—anodder bottle!

Widdy soon goes to Duchess, and dat saucy goil sends for me. Dey says dat dey is going home, but foist Widdy wrote a note for me to take to de Lobster Palace. She reads me de note, so dat I would know what cards was in me hand. She writes to Whiskers dat instead of one fren—she has four—dose was to be me, Maggie, me fren de barkeep and Duchess. Den she tells Whiskers, in de note, dat he had forgot his hat, and dat I was to fetch it to him, and dat dere was a ten-dollar hat check on it. She tells him to say to Boston dat he was to treat her fren's well, dough as no masks was worn in de Lobster Palace, dey would have to sit at anodder table.

"SURE"

One of de leaders digs up a dicer for Whiskers, and dey was off to wait for de unknown. Den me and Duchess takes Widdy home; and meets me fren and Maggie, and de four of us chases to de Palace. I seen Whiskers duck when he pipes Duchess and me, but I goes up to him and gives him de note. He reads it and near falls off his chair, and when I gives him his dicer wit de hole in it, de four of em at de table, me swells and de leaders, has fits for fair. Well, Whiskers pungles de tenner for de dicer, and Boston, he calls me up, and says dat my party was to take a table and order on him. We did. Say, he must have a job cutting off coupons, for Duchess orders dat supper, and she can order to beat de band—when de check goes to an odder party to be settled—but Boston never winked when de waiter hands it out to him.

We had to ge' home before breakfast, so we leaves before de odder party.

BOSTON, BEING IN ROME

Boston was telling de leaders how to run
deir jobs before we left, but de next
morning he only says to me: "Chames,"
he says, "you promised to get us out of
de ball wit de retoin of our hats for a
dollar a trow."

"Excuse me, sir," I says. "Dat was
only your hat I insured." Den he
laughs so dat he couldn't pour de soda
into de glass where I'd put de odder
part of de mixture, and he says, "Van
Courtlandt had to pay a hat check, when
de hat was ruined! I'll tell dat at de
next class dinner!"

He tips well, dat sporty Boston boy,
and I hope dat his sociology studies will
do him as much good as dey do me.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

"How old is Wily Widdy?" I asks Duchess.

"Oh," says she, "Madam Harding is old enough, and she is young enough."

"She's in luck, den," I says. "But I wasn't asking you to tell me riddles. Talk American, woman," I says.

"A woman's age is de same in any langwudge," Duchess says, wise-like. "Wily Widdy, as you call Madam Harding, is of de age when a woman does not let her sentiments—what you say?—her emotions, run away wit her good sense; and when her good sense do not interfere wit her having de enjoyment of her emotion. Is it not?"

If you ask a goil, and special a French goil, what street is between Thoity-

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

thoid and Thoity-fift streets, she will want to talk about it foist, to find out why you want to know—and den won't tell you straight. Dat's de reason women don't like to sweep a room, but want to go into politics.

Sometimes, when I pipes off Willy Widdy, when she's just in from a walk on de avenoo, and her hat's on straight, her gloves toined down at de wrists, her veil furled, and all tings right wid her, I tinks she is about eighteen years old. But dere are odders—odder times. If she has been having a pretty good dinner, and a game of bridge, and is shy a few hours of de time she ought to be in bed for her beauty sleep—well, she looks more dan eighteen. Some more.

"Tell me for fair," I says to Duchess, "is Widdy older dan you, or younger?"

Duchess only makes a face at me; but was it because Widdy was older or younger, she never lets on.

I was wondering, because Widdy was

"SURE"

to play a part in de vaudeville show we was getting up at our house. Miss Fannie isn't going out to de teeaters dese days, and Mr. Paul does all de stunts dere is for to amuse her at home; which de same is to de good for me and Duchess, for it brings mugs to de house what tips.

Listen a minute; dat's de only good ting dat I ever hears of dat is English, de tipping of house soivants. If anybody asks you why I wouldn't go in for high society if I was a swell, tell em dat de tips is too rich for me blood. A couple of years ago we only laid for tips at house parties—week ends. Now it's all de time. City or country makes no difference; bote is to de good for de house soivants on tips. I'll own me own restaurant yet, if dis keeps on a few years.

Well Mr. Paul, he asks a lot of mugs, what can do a toin as well as de profesh, for to come to de vaudeville, and some

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

what tinks dey could do a toin—but dey wakes up! De best of all was de lads what sung de college songs. Say, dey was de limit, for fair. Mr. Paul tells me dat dey was Glee Club boys when dey went to college, and dey was gleeful all right, too, when dey adjoins to de billiard room for refreshments, and I pulled de corks for em. Singing gives a toist, all right, if any one asks you.

But I was going to tell you: Widdy was to sing a caffy shanty. Dat's French for a demi tasse song. When Duchess hears dis she has a fit.

"Mon Dieu!" she says. "Madam Harding has de French accent like a toothache! One may buy a new bonnet in her kind of French, but one may not sing de songs of Paris. Tabble dote French is good enough to order soup in; but de songs of Paris is writ in anudder kind of French from bills of fare."

Duchess was raw because she sings dose songs like a lady out on top of de

"SURE"

stage herself, and don't tink anybody is next to de game.

"I suppose," says I, "dat you wonder Mr. Paul doesn't invite you to sing de song. A vaudeville by soivants would be a merry-go-round for fair!"

"What it is?" says Duchess, getting her back up—and her shoulders. "What it is? You have a part to do in de performance. Why not me?"

"But I had to sing a Bowery song. Dat's different."

We has rehoisals at de house for a week, and de way de bottles went was good for trade, sure!

Every time Duchess hears Wily Widdy sing her caffy shanty she has a new kind of fit. Dey was bad for her, dose fits, for she had to have em under cover. I was afraid dey would strike in, and poison her. But she never let em show, for Widdy tips beautiful. A little ting like hiding a fit don't boddér Duchess when a tip is in sight. She'd take

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

chances in a fight wit a rattlesnake—and give de snake de foist bite—for a good tip. Dat's right.

But Whiskers! Say, you should see him. Every time Widdy rehoised her song he says, "Brava, brava! Bis, bis!" and "Encore, encore!" till I knew dat song so well I could sing it meself. And me own French needs a little tinkering, here and dere, to fetch it up to Paris standard. Duchess says so, anyway; but she's dotty on dat proposition.

Well, after awhile, Duchess quits making any cracks to me about Widdy's French, and gets busy doing a tinking part. I knows dere is someting doing. When dat goil isn't saying anyting, I don't have to give two guesses to know she is up to some game. I can only folley all her coives when she is mad about someting. When she isn't, she's bad. She gets busy wit some dinky close, too; and before de night of de vaudeville she was so good I knows she was more dan usual

"SURE"

bad. But I couldn't get next, and only has to tink what'ell!

Mr. Paul has a stage put in de end of de music room, what was like a real stage, wit a coitan, and electric lights dat could be toined up and down or sideways. Dose was my part of de woik, dose lights. Mr. Paul was de boss manager.

De night of de show dere was a big party, and business was good in de tipping line, and tings was going gaily-gaily for a couple of hours before de coitan. It was den I was wondering how old Widdy was. Say, she was a winner wit dose lads what was to sing de college songs. . Dey was all down in de billiard room rehoising, de lads and Widdy, wit me seeing dat dere was enough bots to keep deir troats from drying up. Widdy made a star hit wit dose boys, for fair. I wonder what it is in being a widdy dat makes a woman such a winner wit young men—and old. Dere was notting slow about dose boys, but dey was never show

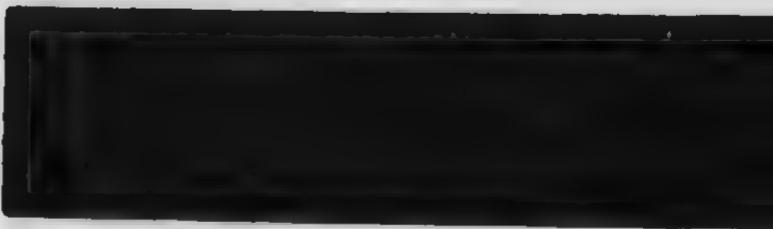
WHAT'S IN A SONG?

ing her how to play cards. And she likes de fun of it, at dat. She was only spar-ring for fun, wit big gloves on, but she's so handy at de game she likes to show how it's done. Anyway, I tink most of de lads would like notting better dan to take lessons from her in how to be frenly, and not too frenly.

Mr. Paul sends woid to me dat de per-formance was to begin, and I shows one of de lads where de billiard room ice box was, and I chases to me place at de lights. As I was going to me place, tru a hall dat was dark, I runs into Duchess, and she says to me dat Widdy wanted de lights low for her toin. I taut dat was all right, for Duchess had been drilling Widdy in her woik, and would know what she wanted.

Well, de foist toin was woiked off all right, and den Mr. Paul, who was on de opposite side of de stage from me, he says: "Is Mrs. Harding ready?"

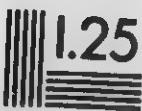
"Ready, sir," I says, looking around,





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"SURE"

and seeing what I tinks was Widdy. Mr. Paul hoists de coitain, and I lowers de lights, and I seen de game de next second, but it was too late. De caffy shanter was Duchess!

Nobody else tumbles but me, den, and I holds me breat for to see would any one get next. Nobody did. I've told you yarns about Duchess making up for Widdy before dis, eh? She can do it like a mice! And sing like her? Say, she had de Widdy's voice and queer French down so fine dat if it had been anybody else but me own wife I'd been conned.

Dere was a yell for a encore, led by Whiskers. I seen him, red in de face, and asking de folks around him wasn't Widdy a wonder. De coitain was down, and Duchess was on de side of de stage wit me, and I whispers to her, "Woman?" I whispers, "you has trun us in de soup dis time, for good. We loses our places for dis?" I says.

She only laughs a little at me, and

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

goes on when Mr. Paul rings up for de repeat, and p'chee! dis time she sings de real ting, for fair. I seen Miss Fannie begin to stare, for she cons French like a native, and de song wasn't de kind any one but de real article could make good in. Den I see Mr. Paul blink, and I near faints.

"We is down, and out!" I says to Duchess, when she comes off de next time.

"Wait until we is asked to explain," says Duchess, and sneaks.

Well, I goes on wit me woik, and after a time de college lads was sent for; and wit em, from de billiard room, comes Widdy. I see Duchess meet her in de hall, and say a woid to her. Widdy near faints, but she braces, and after de show was over, goes in front, and she is de middle of a mix-up of de whole gang, telling her what a artist she was. Whiskers goes to her wit two glad hands, and he says, "Splendid, madam!" he says.

"SURE"

"Better even dan de rehoisals," he says.
"Fine," he says. "As good as ever I
hears in Paris," he says.

Say, she's no farmer. She fetches a
blush and she says, "Only de stage set-
ting dat improved me," she says.

When I hears her take de bouquets of
talk dat was passed out to her I tinks I
was going croisy, and I just naturally
gives up trying to get next to de game,
or witin a mile of it. Same wit Mr. Paul
and Miss Fannie. Dey opens big eyes at
Widdy when she acts like she had been
de caffy shanter, but dey says notting.

By de time we had de little tables set
for de supper Duchess was around in
her proper close and getting next to any
proposition dat promised to have a tip
in it; and looking like she'd er wore
close what was a dead ringer for de Wid-
dy's make-up. She passes me out a wink
and a grin, so I knows she had some game
to give de electric chair de go-by, and I
gets busy, too.

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

I'm tinking Widdy came nearer landing Whiskers dat night dan she ever did before. It's no cinch she didn't land him; for dey was gaily-gaily all de evening, and he couldn't say often enough what a wonder she'd been as a caffy shanter. But de lads dat she'd been wit in de billiard room has de surprise of deir lives. She read signs on em. She looked so far over deir heads dey couldn't see wedder her eye was glad or not Dey was getting a new lesson in widdies. And when dey hears every one telling her what a hit she'd made in her toin, dey looked woozy. Dey ..dn't make it out a little bit.

When every one was gone, and me and Duchess was in our room, I says to her, "Tell me, tell me, quick," I says, "how did you square it?"

"It is notting," says Duchess. "Notting at all. Your wife is a stupid goil, for to be soitain. Would you have Whiskaire know dat de reason Madam Hard-

"SURE"

ing was not ready to go on wit her song
was because she was teaching a lot of
nice-looking young gentlemen how to
flirt politely? Would it not be better for
de song to be sung by some good friend
of Madam's who happened to be ready,
dan for to have a stage wait, and Whiskaire
running all over de house to find out
what kept Widdy—and finding out? No,
you are a man, and derefore stupid.
Madam Harding, she is not stupid.
When I say a woid to her, explaining dat
I have sing her song to keep Whiskaire
from de trouble of looking for her—and
finding her—she is so kindly moved dat
she promises me a tip dat will make all
your tips of de evening look like trente
sous."

"Duchess," I says, giving her a kiss
to show I didn't have a hammer out for
giving me de heart disease, "Duchess,"
I says, "on de level, how old is
Widdy?"

"Oh," says she, "Madam is of de age

WHAT'S IN A SONG?

when a woman does not let her sentiments run away wit her good sense; and when her good sense do not interfere wit her having de enjoyment of her emotion."

"Tanks," I says.

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CHAPTER XIII

IT IS TO LAUGH

"CHIMMIE," says a felly to me, "Chimmie," he says, "how are you woiking dis campaign?"

"Well," I says, "de same old ting," I says, knowing dat wouldn't put him wise, for you woiks de politics game at bote ends and de middle only so long as you is a clam.

Listen: It's all right when a top liner declares himself, because he is out for office; but if a mug is only a woiker he goes on half pay, and double time, as soon as he makes a holler for dis or for dat. Nonpartysand; dat's de lay out what gets de eggs, wit a nest trun in for safe-keeping.

So I looks knowing, and reads signs on de felly; looks over his head, you know, like I didn't see him.

IT IS TO LAUGH

"I'm glad to hear dat you is woiking as usual," he says, "for we wants you to swing de Roseleafers in line," he says.

"Dey comes high," I says, reading anodder sign on him.

"We has de stuff for good men," he says, "and if you needs a little for intertainment, why, here's a starter," and p'chee, he passes over a yelly back—a half century made by your good old Uncle Sammy; fifty eases; five single saw-bucks! What?

"Tanks," I says, "I'll get de boys jollied up a bit wit dis, and put you wise how de tide is runring in Hell Gate."

"Dat's de song to sing," says he, "and when de ball is opened, and you need a fiddler, look me up, and you'll find me little old Johnny-on-de-Spot, as per de sweet Summer time long ago."

Say, honest, I didn't know how dat felly stood on politics. On de level, I didn't. I've known him ever since I was only sixteen years young, and voting was

"SURE"

new to me, and I never knowed him two times in succession trading on de same side of de counter. Sometimes he's for de Outs, sometimes he's for de Ins, so I didn't know what'ell.

Anyway, I had de fifty located in me jeans, all right and tight, so I chases down to me fren, Kelly de barkeep, for to have a caucus on de situation.

"How does Micky Halligan stand dis year?" I asks Kel.

"I don't know what side he's on," says Kel, "except dat he's on de odder side from McGraft; for Mac was just now being in here, and he leaves me fifty for to sweeten de Roseleafers; and all he told me was dat he was gunning to capture de Rosies before Micky Halligan fastened de collar on us."

Say, what do you tink of dat? Talk of taking candy away from a child! Was de situation a peach, a Chim Dandy? What? When I tells Kel how Micky Halligan had been getting gay wit me

IT IS TO LAUGH

political morals, and we bulked it up d' de good old Roseleafers was one hundred to de good witout so much as writing a single letter to de papes telling how gooder we was dan de odder fellys, me and Kel resolved dat de caucus was overpowered to pass a resolution of confidence in ourselves. We did; likewise a small bot. Kel says dat polities, new style, was just our size, and a bottle on de game - playing it only fair. So we bottled.

In a few nights we had put de Roseleafers next to de movement; and dey is as wise boys as ever bunched for self-protection on de Bowery. I means dat dey agrees to stand pat, and play de game de way we deals de cards, and never ask for a cut. So we gives em a bit of a beer blow-out, and a dance, for to make tings smood, and Kel and me votes confidence in ourselves, and bottles once more to prove it.

Den Halligan and McGraft begins to

"SURE"

rubber for results. Dey puts it up to us was we doing de right ting, and was dey; was we planting de seeds of success for dem to swipe de harvest of rose leafs? Sure, I says, not knowing what dey was singing deir Hiawater about.

Den dey takes me aside, each one, and dey asks was de Roseleafers wit em or again em. I tells Halligan dat I polled de boys, and finds em even Stephen; dey was hoss and hoss, I tells him; half for de Ins and half for de Outs. I was tinking dat dat would make him declare himself an In or an Out. But, p'chee, he only looks like he had a load on his coco, and he says, "Give em a talking to, Chimmie. Give em a heart to heart talk, and you'll land em sure."

"Surc," I says; but I was wishing he would let me in on de secret of what side he was playing hearts for. But all he says was for me to land de Roseleafers all right and he would make it all right wit me, all right, all right.

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Well, I sees it was pressing up to me to do someting to hang me next touch on, so I says to him, I says, "Micky," I says, "come around to de next meeting of de Roseleafers," I says, "and maybe I can land de lads wit de influence of you being dere for to give weight and susceptibility to de movement."

Micky trun his chest out till he near took a back fall, and he says dat he was wit me.

"But remember, Micky," I says, "I can't talk candidates de boys. Dey is dead leary of candida .. Why, Micky," I says, "if we could rig up a lection without any candidates, a child could lead de Roseleafers to water, and make em drink almost any kind of goods dat was set before em. It's de matter of candidates," I says, "dat puts us on de road to de sylums. De Roseleafers is for principles," I says, "foist, last and most of de time. Derefore, Micky," I says, "I'll deal out hot air to em—no candidates."

“SURE”

P’chee, I had to frame up de situation to him dat way, for I didn’t know what candidates he was plugging for.

When I goes to let Kel know how de movement was going, he gives one yell of murder and he shuts his eyes.

“What’s happened you?” I says.
“Has McGraft got cold feet?” I says.

“Talk politely, Chimmie, talk politely,” gurgles Kel, “or you’ll kill me before I has time to come to life again. I has invite McGraft for to swing around de soicle, and come to de same Roseleaf meeting on de same night, and for de same poipose!”

“Oh, de night is long, and de game is easy,” I says. “We’ll appoint a not’fication committee for each mug. Halligan’s steerers will fetch him foist; I’ll make me speech, and de lads chases off wit Halligan and loses him. Den de McGraft steerers waltzes in wit him, and I repeats me song and dance. Kel,” I says, “we is not partysand dis time, and

IT IS TO LAUGH

we must play tag so dat we will be It."

Say, dat's what we done. Duchess was croisy for to be in on de game, for she, being forn, of course she wouldn't let me and Kel, us being Americans, run politics our own way.

Well, we tells Duchess, and Maggie de housemaid, to come down to de hall and oblige wit stunts on de musical end of de programme. Maggie sings barber-shop chord songs to put your eye out; but, my, my! de hit dat Duchess makes wit her caffy shanty! Say, dose lads would carried her round de hall, only dat just den de steering committee chases in wit Halligan.

It was a cinch. I'd staked out half de lads to play me straight, and de odder half to copper until near de end. Dey was never to get togedder on any proposition except Halligan. He was to be give de glad hand till he taut dat wit a little more argument of de kind dat de

"SURE"

finance committee likes, he would be a winner in a walk. I ain't so woise at politics, eh!

So I begins me speech: "Felly gents and Roscleafers," I says, "we has wit us to-night a distinguished cit'zen who stands for de trute, de right, de left, de Bowery, and all dose tings dat he stands for," I says.

Wit dat Halligan bows, Duchess truns him a kiss, and some of de lads yells, "Hi yi!" and some says "Boo!"

"Dose of you what cries boo," I says, "cries it to me as well as to Mr. Halligan; to de principles we love, and to de patriotic loidies who is here in de interest of de principle," I says. "Dare any man say dat under dese boining conditions de voters' best fren is not de man what lays his hand on his heart, and says, 'Any fren of my fren—here's to you.' "

Dat got a cheer from a little more dan half, and boos from de rest, and Halligan, who was getting excited, leans to

IT IS TO LAUGH

me and says, "Good woik, Chimmie. Let em have it like dat, and you has put Billy Jerome out of business as a speech maker."

I winks at Kel, and goes on: "Never," I says, "in de history of Manhattan and de Bronx has dere been a time when de principles Mr. Halligan represents has come to de forefront of liberty wit such strides of odium and parting of de ways between duty and integrity; nobler," I says, "and more fitting at dis crisis dan when de palladium of progress marches to de empires where de sun never sits on de flag—let who will haul it down! Need I say dat I refers to dat ornament and steadfast fren of de woiking man; dat upholder of de principles we swears at; dat liberal benefactor of de down-trod, preferred and common, Michael Halligan!"

Wit dat Duchess and Maggie jumps on chairs and leads de yell, and nearly all de boys joins in; while Halligan

"SURE"

stands dere mopping his face. It was de proudest moment of his life. He shakes hands wit me, and leaves a fifty in me palm, and whispers, "Dere's a hundred if you can make it unan'mous at de next meeting. Dis is de most intellectual club I has visited."

"Dey is boids," I says.

"I must have em solid," he says.

"Some of em is hard to knock," I says, "but I'll keep hammering."

"Never quit," he says. "Have you paid dese lovely song boids?" he says, giving Duchess and Maggie de vote-getter's eye."

"No," says Duchess, butting in quick when she hears de lay of de long green.

"Would ten each be about right?" he says, digging in his jeans.

"Oh, m'sieu!" says Duchess, and Maggie looks like she would melt in cold storage.

He passes de goils a saw-buck each, and de committee had just got him out

IT IS TO LAUGH

of sight when de McGraft push skates in
wit him, smiling like de bull pup when
little Miss Fannie asks him does he like
a lamb chop.

Well, I toins de same trick over again ;
and say, McGraft !—well, you couldn't
hold in his chest wit a hay baler ! After
he was steered out into de wide, wide
woild, we has a bit of a conversatyong,
wit a keg and sandwiches on de side ;
and Kel says, "Honest, I don't tink derc
is a Willie on de walk knows what poli-
tics really is dis year."

"Not one," says de lads, and Kel says,
"Tell us, Chimmie, what is it?"

"Search me," says I. "I don't know."

"It is to laugh," says Duchess.

CHAPTER XIV

THE AMBITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

"WHAT are you going to make of Napoleon?" asks Mr. Paul of me, meaning our Kiddie.

"Well, sir," I says, "I was tinking of making a trust of him, for he has all designs of de profession. If dere's anything he wants dat he can't get by asking for it, he swipes it. Am I right, sir?"

"You are right as far as de foist principles goes," says Mr. Paul. "But dere are odder tings dat he'll need for to shine as a trust. He must own a political party, a boss, and a bank. Wit dose tree as a starter and a string of newspapers on his list, he will go far, considering his natural tendencies"—trunning in a few dude woids to make me proud—"wit his natural tendencies, for to take

AMBITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

what he can't get by asking, he might be a shine for fair as a trust. Does your good wife Hortense agree wit you?"

"Not a little bit," I says. "She don't want him to be a trust, because she's croisy for him to be a gent."

"Dere is a soitan amount of good in being a gent, if you have de right kind of a gent in mind. Is Hortense tinking of making him de kind of a gent dat wears bangles on his wrist, and does up his hair at night wit a rosebud, or de kind dat plays polo and rides to hounds? If he's to be de foist kind he must be taught to lead de cotillion; if ' second he must be taught foist aid to de injured. Dey has colleges for bote kinds. But if I had a son I'd radder he was taught for to be a balloonist. Dose lads gets deir names in de papes de most of anybody, and dey sees more of de woild dan most of us."

So I says, what is de matter *wit* asking Kiddie himself what he'd like to be.

"SURE"

He was here wit us for de holidays, but he's back in school again, taking his Christmas presents wit him, also a fit of de digestion dat would fill a hospital of men. But kiddies are not de same as men on de digestion layout. What wit Miss Fannie giving him dude candy, and Little Fannie giving him cake, and house-keeper pies, and Duchess sugar and water, and de butler a nip of claret now and den, and me giving him a timbleful of beer for to harden him, dat lad had troubles of his own dat would have put a amblance full of grown men down and out. But him! Say, he says to me, "Dad," he says, "I feels a little queer in me tummy, but I must eat and drink everyting dat is passed along de line to me, for mama says it is not polite for to refuse. If I die give my hockey skates to de boy whose dad and mama is getting divoiced, for dey is so busy getting ready to marry again, dey bote forgot to give him anyting for Christmas. Do people

AMBITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

have to get divoiced before dey can get married, dad?"

Honest, I can put up some kind of a answer to most of de questions dat is passed out to me by grown-ups, but de riddles dat Kiddie asks makes a clam of me many a time. How old is Ann is as easy as blowing de foam off a schooner alongside some of de tings Kiddie wants to know.

"Tell me, dad," he says to me once, "is Whiskers and Wily Widdy married or divoiced?"

"Neider, me son," I says, "dey is wid-dies."

"Which comes foist?" he says.

"Foist where, Kiddie?" I says.

"Foist in order," he says. "Is folks married or divoiced or widdies foist?"

"Dat depends," I says, "on de society dey is in. Run away and play," I says.

But as I was telling you, I asks what was de matter wit asking de little one himself what he'd like to be. Duchess

"SURE"

says dat was American. In her country, what a kid is to be is settled for him by de old folks, and he has notting to do but saw wood at de game dey lays out for him.

But all de same, I writes to de little chap, and asks what he wanted to be when he was grown up. I wish I hadn't. It must have been on his mind. My, my! I didn't tink he would be such an easy touch. Here's one of his letters. Copy it.

"DEAR DAD: I am all over my deges-tion. The matron gave me someting to take for it and I give it to the boy who had his spelling better than I had mine yesterday, and it done him good, he didn't have any spelling at all to-day except a licking from teacher. When I am grone up I will be a dockter and give poison to all boys who cri when you poke them in the eye because they borrow your skates, when you don't know it, and say they did not. But dockters have to get

AMBITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

out of bed before the rizing bell, which is fifteen minets before prayers and that is early enough, special when the water does not run hot and you take a bath in ice or take a licking for not bathing. I have tried both and don't like them exakly the same. So I will not be a dockter and have to get up more than fifteen minutes before prayers to get the water when some is hot your loving son Emet.

"P. S. What I would like to be is um-pire of the big four games, for the um-pire is let inside the side lines and a police put me out when I sneaked in at the game when I went to a big one with the drawering teacher who was a foot-baller when he was a man. But if um-pires is not a business then I want to be a messenger boy when I am a man and see life in all its glowerie. I would like to be a prince, only a prince, he is not let to stay at the menagery as long as he likes, and that is why the messenger boy

"SURE"

for me. But when I am older I will be a banker and have all the money there is in the window. This is a horibul world about money, for I know and suffer, and please send me a dollar. It would be easy to be rich if you did not have to spend your money, and I didn't mean to spend it all, which is the way with the other boys, and we feel that this is a world that can be made better by us when we are men. A village boy he said he would skate over the thin ice on the end of the pond where there is cattails, where we have fires to thaw, if I would bet him ten cents he would not. And I said what good is that, and he said to see him fall thru the ice, and I bet him. Another village boy said he would hold the stakes, and we both put up ten cents, and then they forgot someting at home and ran off, and I had on skates and could not folly to find out what it was they forgot, and they must forgot me, too, for they did not come back. Yes a banker's life

AMRITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

for me, and I am yours lovingly, Napoleon.

"P. S. I take my pen in hand to open this letter to say that when I am a man I would like to be a policeman. I met those boys and said where is my ten cents, and they said I was foolish, and I pasted one dear dad, and the other I gave the back mug like you taunt me dear dad, and had them both down, and a policeman came up and took me back to skool and complained to the head master that I was a disorder. I got six examples in long division for that, which is more awful than death itself, but a boy who is in the class next hier he did them for me or I would got six pastes with the ruler for not doing them, and I gave him ten cents. The long division boy. If I was a policeman I would arrest the head master for cruelty to children because long division is not meant for a christian which I hope I am as well as your loving son, napoleon.

"SURE"

"P. S. The fizical instructor he heard of the back mug I give the village boy for it is the talk of the town, the boys neck being almost broke which I wish it was. The fizical instructor he said show me that hold. I have heard of it but I never saw it he said, and I showed it to him as you showed it to me dear dad and he was sprized. He said he had heard it come from japan and I said scuse me it comes from the bowry. Then he lafed and said that most good tings get to the bowry some time, and it mite started in japan, and I said not unless you said so, and will you tell me for the fizical instructor wants to know and he is my good friend. Fifty cents will do for the present if a dollar costs too much. Loving James Napoleon Emmet.

"P. S. I know now dear dad what I am to be when I am a man. I am to be a soljer. A boy here his dad is an officer captain in the real army, and he was going to the fillipeens where there is fight-

AMBITIONS OF KIDDIE FADDEN

ing and all kinds of fun. He came to say good-by to his boy, and he blew us off to candy and chocolate to beat the band. Hot chocolate I mean what you drink not good to eat. I asked him when he would be a general and he said never because they did not teach medicine when he was to skool at west point, and then he and the art teacher who was a footballer lafed, so praps they did teach medicine but he played hooky when he was in the medicine class and now cannot be a general. But I will be a general if you please and swing my sword and say hooraw and lead my gallant men to the cannons mouth like I was a story book and get wounded, and have Little Fannie come and read to me, and bring me pies grandma makes which are better than housekeepers because two pies are better than one. Now that I am to be a general you can send me two dollars, because the art teacher says that his business is pretty poor pay but a soljers is also ran

"SURE"

by the side of his, and I do not wish to be too poor to buy a red sash to tie on my sword, so no more at present except that a dollar and a half might do if you are prest for funs. Lovingly Napoleon."

I showed dat letter to Mr. Paul and he read it over, tautful like, and den he says, "Chames," he says, "I gadder from dis outpouring of your son's soul dat what he really needs to be is a capitalist. If you are 'prest for funs,' as your son seems to tink is likely, I ask de privilege of remitting de two dollars as a loan until Napoleon has lit anodder pipe. I'll accept his next dream in payment."

THE END

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